THE

# LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

*August*, 1805.

## *HENRY AND MARIA.*

[Embellished with an exquisite Wood Engraving by BRANSTON.]

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair,
High fancy forms or lavish hearts can wish?

IN a cottage situated on the skirts of a rural village in Devonshire, dwelt a youthful pair, who, united by the sincerest attachment to each other, let no schemes of ambition, or stings of envy, interrupt the tranquillity they enjoyed. Maria, convinced that in her Henry she possessed the greatest treasure the world could afford her, sought no greater pleasures than those she found in her cottage, while in it she was blest with his society; and Henry considered the toils of the day as more than repaid by the smile with which Maria welcomed his return.

They were more than ever endeared to each other, when they reflected on the difficulties which had preceded their union. The cottage, which was now the seat of their happiness, had been the abode of Maria's mother, who, after having experienced better times, had fled hither as a retreat well adapted to her declining years, and to the slender means she possessed. Here it was her chief enjoyment to contemplate the expanding beauties of Maria, whose amiable qualities, and lovely countenance, time, as it flew lightly over her head, was daily improving. Nor were these observable only to the partial eye of a mother; they were observed by one every way qualified to estimate their worth. Henry, who was the only son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, soon discovered this

lovely flower, blooming like the violet in seclusion and obscurity. His visits at the cottage became every day more frequent; for, compared to the enjoyment he found in her society, every other place was a dreary void. It was here he could gaze enraptured on her modest, intelligent countenance, and listen to the sweet music of her voice; whilst her smiles seemed to confer a lustre on their humble dwelling, superior to the splendor of palaces.

Henry's father discovered this attachment. Unfeeling and ambitious, he resolved to break it in its infancy; the most effectual method of doing which, he conceived would be to separate Henry from the object of his affection, and send him to sea. Intreaty and expostulation were vain; and Henry was torn from the scenes of his youth, rendered still dearer by containing the object of his love, with scarcely an opportunity to vow, that no distance, no period of separation, should diminish his love.

Henry behaved with great gallantry through various dangers; yet still his thoughts, his affections, were with the scenes he had left; in imagination he was still present with his Maria: he beheld her fondly awaiting his return; and he waited with anxious expectation the period which should restore him to all that rendered life desirable. Three tedious years having at length elapsed, his father procured his recall. Henry soon obeyed the joyful summons; and, after paying those attentions filial duty required, flew on the wings of love to press his Maria once again to that heart, which still owned no other flame than that which she had inspired.

He found her more amiable, more beautiful than ever: her situation rendered doubly interesting to his feelings, by finding her watching over the couch of her declining mother, who appeared drawing towards the close of her existence. Under such circumstances, calculated to rouse all the generous feelings of a youthful and disinterested lover, could the threats of an unfeeling parent, actuated by the vague

schemes

schemes of avarice and ambition, overbalance what honor, what compassion, what LOVE dictated? Henry thought it could not be: he therefore resolved to be himself the protector and friend of his Maria under the sacred title of husband; although his father, more inveterate than ever, from finding his scheme frustrated, vowed never to acknowledge him for his son; and thus to punish what it was no longer in his power to prevent.

All nature seemed to greet the youthful pair with its sweetest aspect on that blissful day which gave Maria to her Henry. Their happiness was for a time complete, till interrupted by the death of Maria's mother, whose latest moments were sweetened by the attentions of her children. Henry, by unremitting industry, meanwhile supported himself and his little household; while his father, in gloomy solitude, would not even deign to notice, or apppear to interest himself at all about them. A year thus past away in peace and happiness, during which period their domestic felicity was heightened by the birth of a son, in whose infant features were reflected the beauties of its parents—"the father's lustre, and the mother's bloom."

But, alas! while thus unconscious of trouble, and grateful for the happiness which smiled round their humble dwelling, a storm was gathering over them, and about to burst on their heads. War extended its baneful influence to the peaceful cottage where love had hitherto reigned secure. A press-gang had gained information of Henry's retreat, and resolved to possess themselves of so valuable an acquisition. The agonized Henry, in spite of the prayers and tears of interceding beauty, and the dumb but expressive looks of infant innocence, was torn from his home, from his Maria, from all that was dear to him, leaving her unprotected, and almost without a friend. Under this cruel reverse of fortune, the poor forlorn Maria must have sunk, had not the smiles of her little Henry roused her to exertion; whilst hope, which,

even in the worst extremities, seldom entirely deserts us, whispered, that he might again return, and restore her to joy and happiness. A farmer in the neighbourhood, who had given Henry employment, pitying the forlorn situation to which she was reduced, still supplied her with necessaries, and enabled her in some degree to support herself.

In this dismal posture of affairs a considerable time elapsed, in the course of which she was confined by the birth of a second infant; but the melancholy contrast between the birth of young Henry, and that of the little stranger who now claimed her maternal care, caused her many a bitter pang; and often her eyes would fill with tears, while contemplating their innocent countenances, and thinking that even then they might be without a father to guard over their tender and helpless childhood. Thus time passed heavily away, often spent by Maria in weeping over her children, and interceding with that Providence which "hears the prayer of the destitute," to restore again a husband and father to his home and his family.

One evening, as she was sitting at the door of the cottage with her children, (unconscious of the distresses of their parents,) playing at her feet, the air suddenly became dark and gloomy, and the face of Nature indicated a storm. The winds roared through the trees, and the heavens, black with clouds, poured down their torrents on the deluged earth. Maria, in imagination, beheld her Henry exposed to all the dangers of the storm. Each blast, as it shook the roof of her thatched dwelling, seemed that which might bury him in the deep to rise no more. "Alas!" she cried, "perhaps at this moment he is struggling with the furious waves, and with his last breath is invoking blessings on his poor Maria and his children. Ah, when shall that happy moment arrive, when he shall exchange the rough billows of the ocean, to find a shelter in these arms? When shall that head which is, perhaps, at this moment exposed to the dreadful

dreadful hurricane on the top of the giddy mast, repose on this disconsolate bosom? Ah! never! each blast which, as it whistles round my head, seems pregnant with danger and death, forbids that he should ever come to cheer his poor Maria again." Thus she continued lamenting, or absorbed in melancholy reflections, till night, closing round her head, compelled her to retire; not to rest, but to weep, and think on Henry.

The storm which had raged the over-night, was succeeded by a fine serene morning. The face of Nature, no longer blackened by the storm, seemed to shine with unusual lustre. It proved the happy omen of a brighter prospect to our forlorn heroine: the terrors which had filled her mind the preceding evening, were to be succeeded by brighter hopes, as the ruddy beams of the morning had dispelled the storm which had awakened them. A letter was brought her! With rapture she viewed the well-known hand—it was from Henry! It assured her of his safety; and that, after having served with much success, he had represented to his generous commander, the destitute state of those he had left, and had procured an honorable discharge; that he was then hastening once more to embrace his beloved Maria, and restore her to plenty and comfort. On referring to the date, too, it appeared, that, from the time this was written, he might almost instantly arrive. Gracious Heaven! he might even then be within a few yards of the cottage! Full of the transporting idea, she started up, and catching her youngest infant in her arms, and the little Henry by the hand, she hastened forth to meet her long-lost Henry.

The way by which she knew he would come, lay through a wood, at the farthest extremity of which ran a deep brook. With a cheerful countenance she proceeded, till she discovered that the overnight's storm had carried away the wooden bridge which before had rendered it passable: in the room of which, some peasants had thrown the trunk of a tree,

affording but a precarious passage over the current, now swoln with the storm. The young Henry hung back, as fearful of that element which had caused his father so many troubles; whilst the little cherub in her arms, frightened by the dashing of the water, clung closer to the breast of its mother.* Maria stood some time irresolute; yet, if she went round, she might miss his track; and Henry might arrive, and find his cottage deserted. "Has he so long," said she, "braved the rough billows, to be restored once more to his peaceful home; and do I hesitate to cross this brook to welcome his return?" A second consideration was unnecessary: with tottering steps she proceeded; when, having gone about half way over, she beheld the dear object of her wishes, at a field or two distance, advancing towards them.

The sequel is short. The restoration again to that happiness which had been so cruelly interrupted, proved but the dawning of the pleasing prospect which appeared opening to their view. The prize-money Henry had gained, enabled them to supply themselves with those comforts which Maria, and her little family, so much needed. This was succeeded by Henry receiving, soon afterwards, a message from his father, who was now in that situation when the vain schemes of Avarice and Ambition cease to confer pleasure, or excite interest. On his death-bed he confessed the harshness he had manifested towards his son, and made all the atonement in his power, by leaving him the whole of his fortune.

Happy before in the love they bore each other, Henry and Maria now enjoyed all the comforts which an easy fortune could bestow: whilst the remembrance of the disasters they had experienced, served but to heighten their present enjoyment, since they were occasioned by that disinterested attachment which had enabled them to sustain adversity, and which, in their present prosperity, was still the chief source of their felicity.

*July*, 1805. *OLD*

* See the Engraving.

## *OLD WOMAN.*

NO. LXXXIV.

THE publication of my *Portrait* has been productive of more enquiry and entertainment than I expected. My Publisher has forwarded to me a packet of letters, addressed to the Old Woman, or to some personage by different signatures, which the writers please to think appropriate to me and my labours. From these addresses, I shall present my readers with one; and, to convince them I am impartial, that which expresses the most dissatisfaction of me and my papers, shall be the one selected.

"To Rusty-Fusty the *Second*.

"Old Frump!

"For five years out of the seven that you have *Old Woman'd* the public, I have been compelled, much against my inclination, to hear you read, or what, if possible, is worse, to read you. On the first of every month you are brought to our breakfast-table just in time to make the cream turn sour on my mother's stomach, and my aunt Bab quarrel with her bread and butter and her two nieces, till the whole repast twists the faces of the family, viz. the aforesaid personages, with my uncle, and cousin Hetty, as if we had been drinking vinegar, and eating wormwood. "Come," says mother, who is just such a crack'd-brain'd granny as yourself, who will moralize on a moth flying round a farthing candle, "come, let us hear what that *dear old lady* has to say of *herself* this morning." "Something to dress our mind and manners for the whole month, no doubt," observes aunt. "Aye," cries uncle, looking at Hetty and me, "if you girls would make this respectable monitor your mirror, and adorn yourselves

selves at her mental toilette, you would have no occasion for vanity-glasses of *any* kind." "As to that," said aunt, bristling up, "if they despise (which has already been the case) my sister's and *my* modes of adornment, mind and person, how can it be expected they will attend to other admonitions? See if that incorrigible Judith, (meaning me—they *would* give me that frightful name—), see, if she is not almost choaked with a mouthful of muffin getting the wrong way, from laughing in her cup." Here a good slap on the back, to make the muffin go to the right-about. Many's the thump that poor back has had for *you*, Mrs. Wiseacre.

"Now, Miss Malapert," observes mamma, taking off her spectacles, "please to read it yourself; and remember, no play on Saturday, nor hop, at Mrs. Cross's, on the Wednesday, if I see you inclined to be saucy where you ought to be serious. I have just looked it over, and see it demands a sober, and even awful deportment. Here is our oracle's dear head; and every page is a moral, and every word is wisdom. *We* are to be instructed by our darling Old Woman's confessions. How honorable is age when void of vanity!—Read, child."

'Tis lucky the cough was not quite gone off, as it served for a cover to what must otherwise have been a long, hearty laugh: for, at the instant mother pronounced the words, "How honorable is age when void of *vanity!*" the dear woman threw a glance at a pier-glass, which reflected the person at full length, and, as if comparing her venerable figure with that of aunt, who is as twisted as a stick of barley-sugar, without its sweetness: but, for all that, I saw aunt taking a side look at herself too; having always been vain of the shape of her nose, the bone and skin of which are still left; and when Hetty and I want to HOAX her, (O that we had you between us!) we call it genteel, and on the true Grecian model. "Why don't you begin, Judy?" This is my vulgar abbreviation. I had stopt, you must

must know, with you in my hand, while the two old ones were making *their* confessions at the shrine of the *Old Woman's* vanity, which I find just as flagrant, and much more out of character, than ours. But of that presently. "I was waiting, aunt, till you had done admiring your genteel nose; and expected from mamma, some *moral strictures* on an old lady's looking-glass, which, I thought, might be a good subject for *the reflections* of her *darling* Old Woman."

"Saucebox!" said aunt. "Read, Miss!" cried mamma, rather frowningly. Uncle, who, unfortunately for us, as well as himself, is laid up in his summer suit of flannels, "grinned horribly the devil's ghastly smile;" and I began, having first half bit in pieces my under lip at your old treble plaited cap, which I know you old Fogrumesses imagine makes you look wise; aye, and imposing also: your first sentence, however, told so delightfully *against* both of our family antiques, that I forgive half your nonsense for the confusion it occasioned between the tabbies. "Lady Wortley Montague tells us, that she had not looked in a glass for more than twenty years." You know you opened your last *waste*-paper with those words: and I read—"Good Gods! how I read!"

"Very well," says aunt. "But why need you bawl it out so loud, girl?" I went on with my *Old Woman:* "When the faithful mirror reflected wrinkles and decay, it was *painful* for her Ladyship." "Not so loud, I say," cried aunt. "PAINFUL to contemplate her features any longer in it." "Well, mamma, you must allow that is a very natural observation." But to go on:—"And therefore she *prudently*"—"How badly you read, Judy, to day!" quoth aunt. "Why you are as boisterous as a town-crier. Who ever heard the word *prudently* brawled out in that manner?" "Nay, aunt, that's not fair; I am convinced your old darling here intended it *should* be so. See, it is printed in another type, on purpose to distinguish it." Yes, Granny Graveairs,

Graveairs, (while I spake these words, I looked at your portrait,) I know you meant I should pronounce this emphatic word at the very top of the voice—thus, "PRUDENTLY avoided such an UNPLEASANT monitor."

"And pray, Miss, why must *unpleasant*, as if it was a noun substantive, be thus raved out? do you want to break the drum of our ears? Lady Wortley Montague was an idle, conceited, would-be-witty rantipole." "Very likely, aunt," said I: "but *she* shall be *my* "Old Woman" for all that." "And mine too," said Hetty, plucking up spirit: "and I wish both our latter ends may be like hers."

"Profane Husseys! And you, Sir, (to my uncle,) to laugh at them! Let us *task* them for this, sister," said aunt. "I will lesson one; you the other. We cannot "*prudently* do otherwise," said aunt, mocking the loud stress I laid on that word.

"So do you, Miss Hetty, write the whole of the "Old Woman," ordered my mother: "and let me see her without a blot to-morrow at breakfast; when you shall read her." "And though it may be rather *unpleasant*," quoth aunt, sneering the retort *uncourteous*, "do you translate her into French, and read your translation to us." "After which, by way of another moral breakfast, I expect," said uncle, half laughing, "you will both get her by heart."

"Here was work for two poor girls! to be closeted with one Old Woman, and then subjected to the enquiries of two more, and that for a week together! It was nearly that length of time before we had *scrawled, translated, conn'd*, and got *you in our memories*, to the satisfaction of your two sisters in *quizzicality*. Nor did the tyranny you occasioned us stop even here; for we have been obliged to copy your *head*: and because, in revenge, I drew you a little in caricature, (though not out of character,) with a parson's band under your old chin, and a canonically-cocked hat over your chiterlin-like mob, I was under the necessity to go over your disagreeable

prim

prim features twice. And all the recompense I have for my trouble, is to tell you, that I think you have been ill set to work for the past seven years; and that I never read a sensible thing come from the head of which you are so vain, but where you observe, "the present mode of dress is becoming." Hetty and I both like you the better for this remark; chiefly because it has rather *ungoddessed* you with mamma and aunt; both of whom (but the latter, in particular) look upon the least display of natural figure, much more the exact accommodation of dress to a *beautiful* shape, as a *vile exposure of things sacred.* I have already told you the reason.

"As to your squibs and crackers about drums, routs, jauntings about from one place to another, skimming the circulating libraries, &c. &c. of us young folks, I think it would be more in character of an honest grandam, to point your arguments, and play off your artillery, against the *old* people of the present day. I mean the DASHING dames, whether titled or not titled, who aid and abet, even if they do not devise, those card parties; and who, after having laid *dead* to the public for half a score of years, and are no more thought of than an old almanack, start out again into what is called life, in all the splendour of expense, folly, and enormous dissipation; but without youth to extenuate, or beauty to plead for them. And these are our examples forsooth!

"Again, Mrs. Old Woman, (for I know you not by any other appellation,) your talents for authorship, if you must write, would be better employed in sending forth a few pasquinades against sabbath-breakers of another description, the numerous tribe of pretenders to primitive virtue of your sex, who go regularly to their devotions, like aunt, hear the vices of slander and uncharitableness reprobated from the pulpit, prayed, preached against, every way, then return to that scandal feast, their tea, over which they insinuate, whisper, or gabble away

the fair fame of half the young women in the neighbourhood; and, in effect, do more mischief at their cups and saucers, than all the young men of a dozen parishes over their bottles and glasses.

"Make your attack then, Old Girl, at these antiquated sinners, and you will ensure the hearts of us young people. If I dare, I could tell you how you might shoot half a dozen of these even in their way home from public worship, with their prayer-books still in their hands. Hetty and I lately followed a posse of these gentry. Take a touch of their quality. "How that slut is painted!" said one, squinting at a lass with a lovely complexion. "There's pride for a creature of yesterday, with her feathered head, exposed neck, and bare arms!" exclaimed another would-be saint. "Do not you think that hussey (cried a fourth) is in her sixth or seventh month?"—O, my patience! Het and I could have found it in our hearts to have opened half a dozen of the graves to have received the slanderers: for we both knew all the parties accused to be the objects of spite and envy, because they were either young, handsome, or lucky. Till, therefore, you have reformed the scratchings, snarlings, and clawings, of the *old* cats, prithee let the kittens sport and frolic without censure.

"I am yours as you behave,

"JUDITH (NAMELESS.")

There is so much good sense, and good satire, mixed up with the spirit of Miss Judith, that, for the reasons she has herself assigned towards the close of her letter, I shall send it forth with no farther remark, than that the improper behaviour of the aged does by no means justify that of the young: and though Judith pleases herself with calling me an "*Old Frump*," I shall not subscribe myself any thing but her

WELLWISHER.

# *JESSICA;*

OR,

# AN INNKEEPER'S STORY.

[Concluded from page 19.]

"MRS. Mortimer meanwhile suffered the greatest anxiety on her son's account: she had not heard from him for some months, and was too old and infirm to go to London to make inquiry. At last his name was returned among the wounded, and she expected every following post to have an account of his death. Jessy wept night and day, and the unhappy lady fretted herself to death. She was buried, Sir, but a week before Edward returned, promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant. So you see, Sir, what a sad and foolish thing it is to give way to despair, and not place trust in the merciful care of Providence; which brings all things about in due time, as our parson says. I shall never forget the day I was standing at the farmer's back door, talking to Jessy, when we *seed* a gentleman crossing the stile at the bottom of the orchard wrapped up in a soldier's great coat. Mercy on us, Miss! said I, who can this be? Some person who has lost his way on the Common, I suppose, said Jessy, and has turned down our lane to ask a direction. As she was talking, the stranger came forwards; but when he came within a yard of us, made a sudden stop, and seemed terribly agitated. Jessica looked earnestly at him, then gave a dreadful scream, and fell with her face on the ground. Edward (for you may guess, Sir, it was the dear boy) sprung to assist her; but, poor fellow; he had but one arm left to support her. We helped her into the house. The farmer was almost *mazed* with joy to see his favorite again; and when Jessy recovered,

he sat down to tell and to hear all old adventures. He had done his duty in the day of battle, and lost his arm in defending his colors; at least was so desperately wounded, that, soon after his promotion, his poor limb was taken from him, and he was sent home on the half-pay list. When Jessica went to bed, the farmer told Edward all that had happened to his daughter; but when he spoke of her being turned out of doors by the base Sir Francis, Edward's eyes flashed fire. He started from his chair: I will avenge her, said he: the villain shall not go unpunished. My rank in the army enables me to meet him as a gentleman; though he deserves the treatment of a scoundrel. I have still an arm to assert the rights of injured innocence. These were his very words, Sir: I remember them well. No arguments could prevail with him; and, weak and weary as he was, he set off the next day for London. Jessy was so much alarmed, that she fell into continued fits, and has been very ill ever since. He returned the day before yesterday, Heaven be praised! safe and well: but he refuses to answer any questions; so we are still ignorant of the upshot of the business."

"I can inform you, (said the gentleman, with a deep sigh.) The brave lad impetuously hastened in pursuit of Sir Francis: he was but too successful. Irritated by his language, my brother no longer refused his challenge, but repaired with him immediately to a retired spot, where they fought without seconds or witnesses. Sir Francis fell. Mortimer's rage changed to remorse; he shouted aloud for assistance; and, with the timely help of some laborers, had the unfortunate man conveyed home. The domestics would have detained Edward; but Sir Francis insisted upon his remaining unmolested, and he departed. I was sent for to town, and soon obtained from my brother the name of his antagonist; though I never could obtain all the particulars of this unhappy affair. The wound Sir Francis received proved

mortal; and being ever an enemy to duelling, I resolved that the murderer should not escape me. The two men I have brought down with me, were for the purpose of securing him in case he should offer to resist; but I now feel the deepest concern that I have been so very precipitate, since your statement of the particulars, proves to me, that my brother was to blame; and I lament to say that the law must now take its course."

The kind-hearted innkeeper now shook his head with looks of sadness. "Well, Sir, it's a hard case, sure enough, seeing as how you are the gentleman's own brother; though, begging your honor's pardon, I took you for a sort of attorney. However, if I might make bold to advise, Sir, it would be as well not to add insult to misfortune. Let these ill-looking men stay here: I will attend you to the farm, and my life for it, Edward will behave like a man." To this Sir William readily assented, and Trueman hastened to make himself ready. The farm was not far distant. As they approached, they heard a loud rough voice exclaim, "For the love of God, mun! take theesel out of the way, or theelt be hanged as sure as eggs are eggs; for there be a turney and two baileys at the Bell." While Trueman recognised his ostler, Sir William was struck with the group which presented itself on his entrance. A youth of elegant form, and interesting features, supported on his arm a female apparently lifeless, whose countenance, though pale and inanimate, shewed the wreck of loveliness; while a venerable old man stretched his trembling arms round them, as if to protect them from insult. Before Sir William could speak, Jessica revived; and perceiving indistinctly the forms of strange men surrounding her, gave a shriek of terror, and clasping Edward to her bosom, exclaimed, "Touch him not. Oh spare him, in mercy spare him;" falling on her knees at Sir William's feet. He raised her with accents of tender consolation;

and turning to Mortimer, announced himself, and regretted, in the most impressive terms, the necessity of being such an unwelcome visitor. "Mention it not, Sir," said Edward, while a flash of indignation reanimated his countenance. "The ties of consanguinity justify your conduct. I am prepared to attend you: for myself, I have little to fear. When your brother basely robbed me of this treasure, he took from me all that could give a charm to life;" pointing to Jessica, whose tears flowed upon the hand she grasped within her own. "I wish not to elude the vigilance of justice; for in a moment of acute misery, I listened to the seducing voice of revenge; and though my cause was just, my conscience accuses me. I have been a soldier, Sir; and, in the tumult of battle, may have indiscriminately laid many low; yet, in sacrificing a fellow-creature for a private wrong, I feel to be little better than a murderer. My conscience condemns me; and I resign myself to the laws of my country. For the sake of these dear friends alone, would I wish to prolong a miserable existence." "Alas! (replied the old man,) what need you sorrow for us, weighed down, as we are, by shame and calamity? My days will be few. My child, too, is sinking rapidly into an early grave." The wan, woe-worn countenance of Jessica confirmed this assertion. Overcome by her fears, and the emotion her mind underwent, she was obliged to be put to bed. Edward, with a sad presentiment of her fate, tore himself from her. The aged Somers could not abandon his unhappy daughter; but implored the protection of Heaven for his beloved boy, who, with manly resignation, accompanied Sir William back to the inn, and from thence to London, where preparations were making for his trial. Sir William, generously solicitous in his behalf, employed the ablest counsel to plead for him, and cheered him with the most favorable hopes. "It is useless, Sir William, (he would say,) to pay any attention to my

fate.

fate. Justice can but accelerate the hour of my release: my constitution, debilitated by the trying fatigues of my profession, affords no support against the oppressive anguish of my mind: I feel myself past all human aid; one decisive event is wanting to terminate all." His words were prophetic: intelligence of Jessica's death soon reached him, and from that hour he seemed lost to the world. One morning Sir William hastened to him, in the pleasing hope of restoring him once more to society, by informing him that the bill of indictment was thrown out; but found poor Mortimer too ill to derive any satisfaction from the communication. He pressed Sir William's hand with energy: "Generous friend, (said he,) I owe this to your kind exertions; but it is now too late: the only service you can render me, is to see my remains interred with those of my poor lost girl, the hapless victim of libertinism. Let your bounty be extended to her good old parent during his short remnant of years, as the only expiation that can be made for the misery which one of your family has drawn on him. Assure me of your friendship and forgiveness; I shall then die in peace with the world." These were the last words of the brave, unfortunate youth. His request was faithfully performed by Sir William; who, warned by this sad lesson, cautiously shunned the paths of licentiousness, and became a character truly great and good. He frequently visited the grave of the unfortunate pair, thus united in death; and while tears of pity bedewed the cold earth which covered them, the moral reflections inspired by the recollection of their melancholy story, strengthened his resolutions to the practice of piety and virtue.

E. F.

and turning to Mortimer, announced himself, and regretted, in the most impressive terms, the necessity of being such an unwelcome visitor. "Mention it not, Sir," said Edward, while a flash of indignation reanimated his countenance. "The ties of consanguinity justify your conduct. I am prepared to attend you: for myself, I have little to fear. When your brother basely robbed me of this treasure, he took from me all that could give a charm to life;" pointing to Jessica, whose tears flowed upon the hand she grasped within her own. "I wish not to elude the vigilance of justice; for in a moment of acute misery, I listened to the seducing voice of revenge; and though my cause was just, my conscience accuses me. I have been a soldier, Sir; and, in the tumult of battle, may have indiscriminately laid many low; yet, in sacrificing a fellow-creature for a private wrong, I feel to be little better than a murderer. My conscience condemns me; and I resign myself to the laws of my country. For the sake of these dear friends alone, would I wish to prolong a miserable existence." "Alas! (replied the old man,) what need you sorrow for us, weighed down, as we are, by shame and calamity? My days will be few. My child, too, is sinking rapidly into an early grave." The wan, woe-worn countenance of Jessica confirmed this assertion. Overcome by her fears, and the emotion her mind underwent, she was obliged to be put to bed. Edward, with a sad presentiment of her fate, tore himself from her. The aged Somers could not abandon his unhappy daughter; but implored the protection of Heaven for his beloved boy, who, with manly resignation, accompanied Sir William back to the inn, and from thence to London, where preparations were making for his trial. Sir William, generously solicitous in his behalf, employed the ablest counsel to plead for him, and cheered him with the most favorable hopes. "It is useless, Sir William, (he would say,) to pay any attention to my

fate.

fate. Justice can but accelerate the hour of my release: my constitution, debilitated by the trying fatigues of my profession, affords no support against the oppressive anguish of my mind: I feel myself past all human aid; one decisive event is wanting to terminate all." His words were prophetic: intelligence of Jessica's death soon reached him, and from that hour he seemed lost to the world. One morning Sir William hastened to him, in the pleasing hope of restoring him once more to society, by informing him that the bill of indictment was thrown out; but found poor Mortimer too ill to derive any satisfaction from the communication. He pressed Sir William's hand with energy: "Generous friend, (said he,) I owe this to your kind exertions; but it is now too late: the only service you can render me, is to see my remains interred with those of my poor lost girl, the hapless victim of libertinism. Let your bounty be extended to her good old parent during his short remnant of years, as the only expiation that can be made for the misery which one of your family has drawn on him. Assure me of your friendship and forgiveness; I shall then die in peace with the world." These were the last words of the brave, unfortunate youth. His request was faithfully performed by Sir William; who, warned by this sad lesson, cautiously shunned the paths of licentiousness, and became a character truly great and good. He frequently visited the grave of the unfortunate pair, thus united in death; and while tears of pity bedewed the cold earth which covered them, the moral reflections inspired by the recollection of their melancholy story, strengthened his resolutions to the practice of piety and virtue.

E. F.

## *HERO AND LEANDER.*

### A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

[*The Scene represents the Hellespont and the Shore of Sestos on the right, on which stands an isolated Tower, with a Watch-light on the Top: the Walls are washed by the Waves. The Time, Night; the Moon at full; and the Waves are perfectly calm when Hero advances from the Tower.*]

HERO.

THE tardy Night at length extends her sable canopy over the face of Nature. Dear Leander! the hour is arrived, when, listening only to the dictates of all-conquering love, thou wilt plunge into the green wave, without any other guide than this watch-light, which I have placed for thee. Now thy nervous arms divide the limpid wave, and bear thee to the bosom of thy beloved Hero.

*(She alternately regards the Heavens and the Sea, and, after a Moment's pause, she proceeds.)*

With what enraptured delight do I view this smiling calm! Not a single cloud obscures the sky, not a single wave murmurs on the deep: e'en gentle zephyrs cease to breathe, and Nature keeps an universal silence. O, my Leander, may no sounds strike thy listening ears, save the murmuring wave after thou hast pressed it. The Queen of Night, too, sheds her benignant rays in meridian fulness, to guide thee to thy love; and the deep, reflecting her rays, seems alike ambitious to light thee hither.——Ah! all Nature ought to be interested in the fate of a lover, who dares brave so many perils to gain an interview with her he loves.

*(She*

*(She walks to and fro with a troubled Air.)*

Alas! what horror is this, which, in despite of my efforts, overwhelms my soul! O, my dear Leander, come not to-night; oh, never leave the shore of Abydos, if thereby thy life should be endangered. This sea is so fatal; *Helle!* the unfortunate *Helle!* perished in its billows; and the Golden Ram with difficulty preserved her brother: but thou, Leander, hast nothing, nothing to transport thee hither, save my prayers, and thine own undaunted courage. Should it happen that—Oh, no! Venus' son, and every deity besides, will watch over thee!

*(She addresses the Moon.)*

Bright goddess of the night, I beseech thee, descend not yet from thy azure throne; illume the dangerous track my lover ought to steer; let thy rays unfold every rock to his view, and enable him always to distinguish the shore. Suffer not, O gentle goddess, the slightest cloud to hide thee from his sight a moment; be his polar star: recollect the pangs of love, and save a lover tender and faithful as thine own Endymion.

*(She listens with attention: and after a considerable pause, proceeds.)*

I fancied I heard my Leander; but 'twas only a wave that deceived my fluttering heart.—O, Leander! redouble thy efforts; may that flame which consumes thee, render thee insensible of the cold deep. Haste, my love, haste from the perfidious element; comfort thy disconsolate love, and press her in thy arms! I think I see thee. Yes, yes, I see thee dart through the green waves, and leave behind thee a long furrow of bubbling surf: thine eyes fixed on the torch, thy strength augments as thou approachest it. The stars, the ordinary guide of the mariner in the night, exist not

not for thee; thy polar star is the torch I have placed; thou beholdest only it in the heavens; thou knowest only myself on earth; and the universe is to thee reduced to the solitary tower in which I dwell.—

*(With Inquietude.)*

But love has bewildered my senses; Leander does not come; I perceive nothing in the water: perhaps it is not so late as I imagined: I have deceived myself; I fancied that, by lighting my tower earlier, he would arrive the sooner.

*(She turns towards the Sea, looks, and listens attentively.)*

Yet I think he never used to stay so long: I have calculated his departure an hundred times; and by the time he usually took to cross the Hellespont, he ought to have been here long e're this. If the sea was rough, I should suppose fear detained him. Perhaps he has not yet left the shore of Abydos. Perhaps some new amour———Oh, Leander! pardon my daring to doubt thy heart! O that even a whispering gale would but ruffle the smooth expanse, for then I would only accuse Neptune.

*(With Anger.)*

Why, what should we do, we, that have but one soul, yet are of two countries? Why are they situated so near each other, if we are to be always separated?—Yes, I would rather that the universe itself divided us!——

*(The Horizon begins to be covered with Clouds, which gradually obscure the Moon.)*

But the heavens begin to lower, and the moon seems inclined to withhold her trembling light. My heart shudders, and shrinks within itself. If the tempest—Hence such fatal ideas Sure, I mistake; fear has created clouds, which exist no where but in my disordered

ordered brain!—I have often felt that the sky never seemed so beautiful when my Leander was absent.

*(The Tempest commences, and gradually increases.)*

Oh! what do I hear!—No!—Alas! tis no illusion!—Hollow murmurs issue from the bosom of the deep, and float along the gale of night. Vivid lightnings stream across the sky: Boreas lets loose his sullen blasts, and the yielding waves roll in mountainous billows—

*(With an Accent of Sorrow, mingled with Fear and Apprehension.)*

Almighty Gods! my strength fails me; each clap of thunder, each livid flash, bears the stroke of death to my heart. Miserable!—He is gone!—He is lost!—He——

*(She falls exhausted on the Rock, but instantaneously starts up.)*

Dear Leander, return; there is yet time. Return to thy own shore! Think only how to save thy own dear life. I will come and visit thee in Abydos. Love will strengthen me for the enterprize. Sure I am, to cross the gulph, with thee for the object of my voyage: perhaps I may not be able to return, but I shall have seen thee, I shall have saved thee, and I shall die contented.

*(The Tempest is at its height.)*

Oh, ye Gods! what tremendous shocks assail my ears! The billows mingle with the clouds, and the thunder shakes even the caverns of the ocean; the howling winds from every point concentre, and, like a general chaos, blend the sea and air in one undistinguished mass; save where the fiery bolts of Jove dart athwart the gloom, more swift than thought. And—Ah! perhaps ev'n now my poor Leander braves each warring element to see his Hero! *(She*

*(She kneels, and cries with Emotion.)*

O, Neptune!—O, Boreas!—be appeased. Spare him! He has never offended you; each day he brings an offering to your altars. You have felt the pangs of love; recollect, *Philyra*; recollect, *Orithya*; learn pity from the woes yourselves have suffered!—What must he do, what are your wishes? I possess, alas! no victim; but if blood will appease your wrath, whisper it in a breeze, and this poniard shall pierce my heart. Oh speak! Leander is in danger; perhaps this moment he sinks to rise no more! For pity's sake unfold your will.

*(The Tempest ceases.)*

My prayer is heard:—the winds have ceased; the sea is calm; the waves again subside in whispering murmurs. O, Leander! my dear Leander! hast thou sustained this tempest? The Gods have protected thee; they have calmed the sea; a certain mark how much they love thee! Leander, thou art coming; I shall see thee: ah, how I'll press thee to my bosom! Thy perils overcome, will add new charms to our reunion.

*(With Inquietude and Sadness.)*

But the mists of darkness already begin to dispel; and the glowing east teems with blushes; for the bright maid whom Cephalus loved in vain, begins her glad career; yet Leander does not arrive. The sea has regained its wonted calmness, yet still a tempest reigns in my heart.

*(Day-break.)*

Beauteous Aurora, pardon me if I ne'er offered at thy shrine. Leander always left me at thy rise; can I then desire to see thee? O, Goddess, I beseech thee become to day my benefactress! shew me my lover; and

and be the morn which sparkles from thy chariot-wheels, a morn of joy to me.

*(She ascends a Rock.)*

Yes, I see him; it is Leander! Immortal Gods, how much I owe you! Oh! all my griefs are thrice repaid by this sweet moment!——

*(Leander appears at a distance struggling with the Waves.)*

But what do I see! He recedes!—He approaches!—He struggles with the waves!—My blood freezes. I distinguish him again; he is exhausted; his arms drop, and can no longer support him!—Leander!—Leander! hear my voice! It will invigorate thee anew! Another effort, my love; another effort, and thou wilt be wafted into the arms of thy wife!—Leander! oh thou dost not hear me! Can'st thou resist no longer?—Leander!—Another little effort!—He seems to wave his hand to me, to implore my aid. Yes, I'll plunge in the wave to meet thee: yes, I'll save thee, or perish!——

*(Leander disappears.)*

Heavens! he has disappeared; my eyes seek him in vain —Leander! my dear Leander!—He is no more! He is no more! The angry deep has swallowed my beloved!—He is no more! I shall see him no more! He died for me—I—I am the murderer of Leander!—

*(She pauses some time, then breaks forth in the wildness of Despair.)*

*Merciless* Gods! You, who sport with my woes, who affect to listen to my groans, only to empoison the arrow with which to pierce my heart; may Fate, stronger than you, heap on your heads the woes I feel; and may your immortality serve but to make them eternal!—And thee, horrid and perfidious deep, thou

thou parent of unnumbered woes, and friend of perfidy and crime; the murderous warrior, the griping miser, plough thy billows in safety; yet the lover, who only asks thy aid to bear him to his love, perishes on thy bosom!!—Have I not invoked thee every day, and called thee my benefactress? Hence, perfidious ocean; now hurl thy vengeance against myself. But may the universe change, may the earth fill thy bed, and Chaos hurl thee detested to thy ancient nothing!

*(She re-ascends the Rock.)*

Leander! my dear Leander! didst thou think I could survive thee? Didst thou think I could ever again behold this faithless deep?—No!—I'll search thee in its dark abyss, and re-join the dearest half of myself. She who loves like Hero, can die, and count it the sweetest moment she has felt, since it re-unites her to Leander.

*(She clasps her bosom, and plunges into the Sea.)*

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*To the* EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

THAT extraordinary appearances are considered as supernatural by the uneducated, is a fact which daily experience proves; but I never saw the circumstance more completely exemplified than I did a few evenings ago.

On the twenty-seventh of this month, upon retiring to my chamber about half past eleven o'clock at night, I heard a kitten mewing in the pantry, and desired the cook to let it out. The woman instantly obeyed my order; but flew up stairs after me, and, with terror depictured on her face, and almost breathless with fright, informed me, that the Devil was in the pantry with a hundred and fifty eyes. As I felt

no

no dread of encountering his *Satanic* Majesty, I snatched up the candle, and hastened to the scene; but the only perceptible object I could discern in the larder, was part of a very fine breast of veal.

It was in vain that I desired the cook to come to me, for every limb in her body seemed palsied by Fear. I therefore began to think the man-servant had played some trick to frighten her, and, under this idea, again closed the door. Upon making farther enquiries, I found she had not taken a candle with her: this induced me to adopt the same plan, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld this monster with an hundred and fifty eyes. That very *stale* veal, Mr. Editor, is phosphoric, is a circumstance which is perfectly known; but the evening was cool, and the meat was in a high state of preservation, for the calf had been killed early that morning.

As this appeared to me rather an extraordinary circumstance, I was peculiarly anxious to have it explained; and for that purpose examined the Philosophical Transactions, where I find a similar circumstance recorded by the Hon. Robert Boyle; yet he does not assign any satisfactory reason for the luminous appearance of the meat. The account given by Mr. Boyle, in effect, is as follows; though, for the sake of brevity, I shall not exactly use that gentleman's words.

On the fifteenth of May, 1672, Mr. Boyle was informed, that fire had appeared to issue from a neck of veal. He ordered it immediately to be brought into his chamber, from whence he completely excluded the light, when, to his utter astonishment, he beheld above twenty different places in the joint which emitted a lambent flame: the parts which were the most phosphoric, were the joints where the butcher's cleaver had made an incision, for the purpose of carving it with greater ease; although four or five different spots were discoverable in the most *fleshy* part of the meat. The form of these luminous ap-

pearances varied exceedingly; some were oval, others perfectly round; and in size they likewise differed, but the generality of them were nearly as large as a man's thumb-nail.

"When all these luminous parts were surveyed together, (observes the relator,) they made a very splendid shew; and, by applying a printed paper to some of the spots which were the most luminous, I could plainly read many of the words. Notwithstanding the vividness of the light, I could not discern the slightest heat in the phosphoric parts. I even applied a sealed weather-glass, with tincted spirit of wine in it, but not any apparent effect was produced."

The meat, Mr. Boyle informs us, was in a high state of perfection: he had one steak separated from the joint, and dressed; and, upon observing this dissevered part with attention, he perceived that it emitted a pale and greenish kind of light. This joint of meat was kept until it became putrid, for the purpose of the ingenious possessor making experiments upon it, which are at some length described; and he tells us, that on the fourth day it became so extremely luminous, that the light was even perceptible at noon, to himself and several other gentlemen, by merely laying the meat in a darkened corner of the room. On the fifth day the smell was still more offensive, yet its vivid properties increased; on the sixth they diminished; and on the seventh were totally absorbed. This seems to argue, (observes the learned gentleman,) that the dispositions upon which account our veal was luminous, may very well consist both with its *being*, and its *not* being, in a state of putrefaction, and consequently is not likely to be derived merely from the one or the other.

A circumstance still more extraordinary, happened at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, that is likewise recorded in the same work, which I shall extract for the entertainment of the curious, and in the hope that some of your

your enlightened correspondents may be able to assign a reason for the luminous appearance of the meat.

On Friday, February the twenty-seventh, a woman bought a very fine neck of veal in the market, which was not intended to be dressed until Sunday, when going into the pantry on the Saturday evening, she returned again in a few moments, alarmed at an unusual sight; for the joint appeared to her terrified imagination actually in a flame. The husband was called, who likewise conjectured that the veal was on fire; and taking it from the hook on which it was suspended, began endeavoring to put out the flames with his hands. Instead of succeeding in his endeavors, he soon perceived his hand in the same state, which he instantly thrust into a pail of water, without being able to extinguish the flame. Terrified, though not hurt, by this wonderful phenomenon, he ran to show his neighbours what had occurred; and he could only extinguish the luminous flame which played around him, by rubbing his hand with a hard dry cloth. The veal, however, was dressed on the day which had been intended, and proved to be remarkably good.

I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

*June* 30, 1805. P. M.

## *ADVERSITY A TOUCHSTONE.*

ASK the man of adversity how other men act towards him; ask those men how he acts towards them: Adversity is the true touchstone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in one, and that of insolence and pride in the other! A.

## *SIR OSWALD PEIRCY.*

A FRAGMENT.

'TWAS in the salubrious and delightful Canton of Basil, in Switzerland, which the gallant and undaunted Sir Oswald Peircy had arrived at, on his return from making the grand tour of France, Switzerland, and Italy, that a most dreadful and furious storm, attended with loud bursts of thunder, and more constant and vivid lightning, overtook him in the centre of an almost inaccessible forest. The extreme blackness of the storm, with the dingy clouds of night, entirely concealed from his sight, the pale clear beams of the moon, which had till that period been as a beacon to him in his unknown track. He checked his steed, and called aloud for his man Ferdinand; but no answer was made, save the reverberations of his own voice by echo. He called a second and third time; but no other reply was returned. "Alas! (exclaimed Sir Oswald, somewhat amazed,) where is he? whither can he be fled? It almost appears as if fairies or genii were our attendants, and that we trod on enchanted ground; for I neither heard nor perceived him absent himself. I can advance no further; I am weary and tired; and to thy protection, oh, Providence! I will submit my harrassed limbs; and in this place will we lodge to night, thou faithful slave, (speaking to his horse,) though the storm continue, and thunders roll, and lightnings flash: for I——" He was here interrupted by the approach of a horse. He immediately called, "Ferdinand;" and was answered by an unknown voice, —"Who travels this way?" Peircy replied, "An unfortunate traveller, who has had the misfortune, owing to the darkness of the night, to lose his way, and will be obliged to any kind stranger, if he can conduct him out of this impervious and almost impassable

passable wood." The stranger rejoined, "I am truly sorry for your calamity; but it is not the first time travellers have been benighted and lost in this wood. It is, indeed, extremely bewildering to strangers: but I am well acquainted with its inmost recesses, as I live but a couple of miles distant, and am now on my return home from the village beyond the skirts of it, to which place I have been to purchase necessaries. I have a bed, in which you may repose, if you choose to accept my proffered friendship; but you must excuse the disorder in which you may, perhaps, find my house, as my wife having lately died, things are very different to what they were formerly." "I accept your friendly offer, (exclaimed the noble Sir Oswald,) and will accompany you." Alas! unforeseen consequence! the friendly and apparently good-natured stranger, turned out a specious and deceitful villain, and was neither more nor less than leader of a troop of robbers, who had beguiled Sir Oswald's servant previous to his rencontre with the worthy Knight. Sir Oswald advanced with his new guide till within a few yards of what appeared externally a neat little antique cottage. His host alighted, and led the horses into a kind of hovel adjoining the house; and requested Sir Oswald to go in, and refresh himself. They entered a small room, in which was set out some cold meat of different descriptions. A rarity of this sort in that part of the world surprised Sir Oswald not a little; and his surprise and uneasiness were not much abated, when he perceived a number of horse-pistols, hangers, and cutlasses, hanging over the chimney-piece, and two or three fowling-pieces and muskets standing in one corner, which compelled him to harbour suspicions prejudicial to the advantage of his host; and the conclusion he drew was, that he had been decoyed into a haunt of thieves and robbers. He, however, appeared to eat a very hearty meal of the things which were set before him, his entertainer setting the ex-

ample. After the repast was finished, Fortunatus (for that was the name of his host) filled him a glass of liquor, which he called *nectar;* which Sir Oswald took, and was on the point of drinking it off, when he fancied he perceived by the look, some particles of poison in it; and his former unpleasant and suspicious thoughts did but serve to strengthen that idea. His host at that period excused himself for a short time; when, in the interim, the Knight's imagination being worked to a high pitch, he snatched the vessel from his lips, and emptied the contents of it into the fire, excepting a small quantity of white powder, which seemed, as it were by instinct, clinging to the sides of the glass, to bear evidence to the most diabolical and blackest of crimes. This Sir Oswald supposed to be arsenic, or something similar to that pernicious drug. He washed out the glass with a little water, and set it down, as though he had drank the contents.

His host presently returned, introducing a very ill-favored looking man to the Knight, whom he called his brother Malvolio. Fortunatus inquired how he liked the mixture, as it was a liquor in that country very much esteemed. Peircy replied, "Very well indeed. It is an excellent liquor. Now, if you please to direct me to my portioned couch, I will retire; for I am heartily weary with the fatigues I have encountered."

We must not forget to mention, that in the meanwhile, when his host was gone out of the room, Sir Oswald took down a brace of pistols, which he found loaded with slugs, and conveyed them under his cloak. His host shewed him up a ladder into a small filthy room, which Sir Oswald ascended with a countenance that betokened no suspicion or dread of the author of his unpleasant reflections. As soon as he had entered the room, the trap-door fell to, which his vile entertainer locked to prevent his retreat. This circumstance created in the gallant Peircy a dreadful apprehension of the ensuing consequences,

and

and determined him (however fatigued) not to slumber whilst danger seemed to stalk, as it were, around his couch, but to keep awake, and listen to a conversation which had commenced, on the return of Fortunatus from Sir Oswald's chamber, between himself, Malvolio, and a third person. "Well, (began his host,) I have had excellent success to-night, for I have brought in two prizes besides this fellow, and one has paid the forfeit of his life for his stout resistance: he was near overpowering me, (for I get old and feeble;) but I got my hand in his gullet, and then I dispatched him with this poniard." "But what (replied Malvolio) have you done with the other? I would murder him before morning, and send him to bear the other company. Of what sort is he?" "He is a gentleman's servant (rejoined the first) by his appearance, and has got his portmanteau well stored with linen, cash, and other necessaries: and I think he'll prove an acquisition to us in our way of life, if we can bring him over; for he is a stout, sturdy fellow." "If he be the man you describe, (replied Angelo,) how came he to let you bring him so quietly?" "He had dismounted, (said Fortunatus;) and in an unguarded moment I seized him, and clapping a pistol to his breast, swore his existence should be the penalty, if he made any noise or resistance; I then gagged and bound him; and now he is safe enough; and should he resist our will, this poniard (taking one from his belt) shall by this hand be plunged into the villain's heart. But let's see if the fellow I shewed to his room be yet dead; for he took the bait laid for him, and said it was excellent liquor, and it was a d——n'd strong dose. How long dos't think Barnardine and his party will be, Malvolio? He'll bring something, I'll be bound: —It's a right night for the purpose—as dark as hell." "They cannot be long, (replied Angelo;) for they have been out three or four hours good." "Alas! (exclaimed the gallant Peircy, in a low voice,) fool that

that I was to be cozened thus! And the servant they speak of, is certainly Ferdinand. But to thy guardianship, oh, merciful Providence! I commit myself: sustain me in this hour of trial!" He was going forward with his soliloquy, when he was interrupted by the voice of his servant, crying "Master! oh my dear master! and are you in the same situation with myself?" Sir Oswald was now convinced that Ferdinand was only parted from him by a slight lathed partition. "Ferdinand! (exclaimed he,) I am, indeed, in the same horrid situation with thyself. But be silent; for one or more of them approach; and do not let them hear us in conversation, nor suspect us master and man. The time draws near, when I hope (by the interposition of Providence) to be able to rescue both thee and myself. I have a stratagem in my head, which, if it fail, is certain to bring us to an immediate and horrid death; and if attended with success, will ensure our safe retreat. But silence; they unlock the door." Sir Oswald had, prior to his conversation with his servant, when he understood the black designs of the assassins, rolled the cloaths of the bed into a heap, to resemble a man asleep; and to help the deception, laid his helmet and armour by the side of it. At the moment the trap-door opened, Peircy leaped behind the bed with his sword drawn. Fortunatus, the man who had deceived him, entered by himself in the dark, with a poniard in his hand. He spoke to the supposed man; but no answer being returned him, and perceiving no pulsation, concluded he was dead. "But (exclaimed he) for fear the poison has not done its duty, take that!" plunging, at the same time, his poniard thrice into the bed-cloaths. He had turned round to retreat, when the undaunted Peircy advanced from his concealment, and buried his sword deep in the villain's heart. As soon as Sir Oswald was assured of the villain's death, he disguised himself in his apparel, and descended to the other two below, with

with the brace of pistols under his cloak. "Well, old Fortunatus, (exclaimed Malvolio,) hast thou done the deed, or was he dead? Did the poison take effect?" "Ah, (replied Sir Oswald, imitating the voice of Fortunatus,) he's dead, and so shall the other e'er long; for I find they are master and man." "That's right, old Hearty, (replied both;) let the villain die." "Angelo, (replied Sir Oswald,) go thou, and see if Barnardine and his party approach." As soon as Angelo was retired to execute his commission, Peircy drew forth a pistol, and pointing it at the head of Malvolio, "Now, villain, (cried he,) thou art in my power! Fortunatus, thy friend and fellow in iniquity, lies dead by my hand, and soon shalt thou follow him!" He fired, and Malvolio fell, uttering the most dreadful imprecations. Sir Oswald then rushed up to where Ferdinand lay bound, and released him: then hastening to their horses, they mounted, after having first noted the place sufficiently, in order, at some future time, to extirpate this band of robbers, which Sir Oswald was fully determined to accomplish. The sun began now to illumine the distant hills, and being out of the reach of danger, the gallant Knight, and his faithful Ferdinand, pursued their journey in peace.

*Dale Abbey,*
*June,* 1805. E. J—K—N.

## *ON REFLECTION.*

MAN does not seem to have been designed by Nature for a great deal of reflection, as it will damp the spirit of his action: but he seems designed for a certain degree of reflection, as it will moderate the impetuosity of it. A.

*To the* EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have heard it observed, that *comparisons* are *odious*, I am of opinion, that *contrast* produces a striking effect upon the mind: in short, it may be compared to the judicious blending of colors in an historical picture, where each character acquires importance, by the nice mixture of *light* and *shade*.

In perusing, Mr. Editor, your last May's Publication, my attention was particularly attracted by a letter under the *fictitious* title of *William Will-have-his-way*, and I could not help drawing a comparison between that gentleman's situation, and that of a particular old Friend with whom I had been spending six weeks, and whom I conceive to be nearly of your correspondent's age. The friend to whom I allude, is a man of exquisite sensibility, with a heart peculiarly formed for the enjoyments of domestic life; but who, from having been jilted by a young lady, to whom, twenty years back, he was tenderly attached, had formed the resolution of never entering into the marriage state. The pangs which he experienced from the infidelity of his mistress, were rendered more poignantly severe by the treachery of his friend; for though the day was fixed for the celebration of their nuptials, the man in whose honor he had reposed the firmest reliance, became the destroyer of his peace, and actually persuaded the fickle fair one to accompany him to Gretna Green.

Poor Hervey felt this stroke with a degree of severity which an apathetic mind can scarcely conceive: he retired from the world, and indulged a misanthropy of sentiment completely foreign to the natural dictates of his heart. As time, however, diminished the poignancy of his affliction, his fond-

ness

ness for social enjoyments returned; yet he firmly resolved never again to place his happiness in any woman's power. His fortune, without being what is generally considered affluent, enabled him to administer to the relief of poverty and distress; and as he was by no means of an expensive disposition, he might, in the true sense of the word, be called a *rich man*. The probity of his principles could only be equalled by the refinement of his sentiments; he was at once admired, beloved, and esteemed: he not only honorably fulfilled every duty society could claim from him, but testified the warmest interest for the welfare of those to whom by relationship he was allied.

The offspring of an only brother, who had imprudently involved himself, from speculating in too great a variety of concerns, he considered in the light of his own children; and upon their education neither spared trouble or expense. Such was the man who, at the age of three-and-forty, was solicited by a gentleman, of the name of Tilney, to become the guardian of his only child; and to undertake the arrangement of affairs which had long been in an embarrassed situation, from the tedious and expensive process of a Chancery suit.

To have refused such a request, was not in Hervey's nature. The wishes of his dying friend he considered as a *command;* and the lovely and blooming Matilda was too interesting an object to fall into mercenary hands. Unfortunately for this amiable girl, the author of her existence was a man too easily to be imposed upon and deceived: in fact, the lawyers whom he employed, had buoyed him up with false representations, and had been the means of involving him in an unnecessary expense. Hervey, whose mind was at once active and discriminating, strained every nerve for the advantage of his ward, who, if the suit did not turn out in her favor, would be thrown (in an almost pennyless

state) upon the world. The interest which he took in the welfare of this amiable creature, excited a variety of new emotions in his mind; for she was destitute of every near connection; and he supplied the place of father, brother, protector, and friend.

Not to dwell, Mr. Editor, upon the delicacy of Matilda Tilney's situation, who, from the frequent visits of her guardian, was exposed to the censorious animadversions of an illiberal and uncharitable world, at the moment when her situation was peculiarly affecting, from her having lost the property of which she had been taught to believe herself secure, poverty, or dependance, was her only alternatives; for not more than five hundred pounds could be saved from the wreck of her father's estate. At that moment the generous Hervey stepped forward in a *new character*, and besought her to accept his fortune, and his hand. In the age of this amiable pair, there doubtless is a great disparity: the blooming Matilda might easily be taken for his daughter, rather than his wife; yet, Mr. Editor, I never beheld a couple more rich in domestic happiness; neither did I ever pass six weeks so much to my satisfaction as at their seat.

Hervey, who certainly came under the description of an *old bachelor*, expects no unnecessary sacrifices from his wife; and is not weak enough to imagine, that the precise habits he had contracted, could be imitated, or even approved, by a girl of nineteen. With the most playful good-humour, she ridicules his peculiarities; and with a liveliness of imagination which is highly entertaining, describes the transformations which have taken place since the domestic establishment was submitted to her control. These sportive proofs of innocent gaiety never produce a frown upon the countenance of my friend; yet, if she observes that he is inclined to be *serious*, the natural volatility of her disposition is instantly checked: and if she feels not towards him that

that warmth of passion a younger husband might have excited, gratitude and esteem completely supply its place. The slightest appearance of indisposition excites a thousand apprehensions; she watches every look with an anxiety scarcely to be conceived; and though, until lately, I thought it impossible for domestic happiness to result from an unequal alliance, Matilda Hervey has convinced me of my mistake.

Contrast this picture, I beseech you, Mr. Editor, with that drawn by your testy correspondent in page 304 of your last Volume; and you will allow, that the unhappiness of which he complains (even from his own representation) has evidently been brought upon himself. Let any man of candor ask his heart this simple question; "Has not the space of fifteen years produced an astonishing *revolution* in my mind? Do I view persons or occurrences at the age of *forty*, in a light similar to that in which they struck me at the gay season of *twenty-five?*"—Why, then, let me ask, should not the same transition of sentiment be experienced by the opposite sex? Or why should a man who has passed the better years of his life in the indulgence of unsocial habits, expect a young and lively female to sacrifice her own wishes to his caprice?

Various are the motives which influence individuals to enter into the marriage state; yet every man hopes to find in his wife, a friend and companion, who will participate in his enjoyments, and become the sharer of his griefs. But where the pursuits of each party are diametrically opposite,—where the inclination of neither is sacrificed to promote the other's peace,—the silken bands of Hymen are converted into a yoke the most oppressive, and the independant mind finds itself bound by an iron chain.

The advice given by the Female Mentor to each of your discontented correspondents, cannot fail, if attended to, of producing the desired effect; but as Mr. Will-have-his-way observed, that *example* was more impressive than *precept*, I determined to

make him acquainted with the domestic happiness of my friend. The refined gratification which Hervey experiences, it is still in his own power to purchase; every sentence in his wife's letter convinces me she has a heart capable of feeling grateful for kindness and attention, but which revolts against arbitrary power.

We are all, Mr. Editor, I allow, creatures of habit; and in the mind of man, its powerful influence is not easily overcome; yet every individual, who enters into the marriage station, should recollect, that he does not live for himself alone. Years have now elapsed since I have found myself a solitary being. Time has mellowed my sorrows into a resigned state; yet the most distant period man's life can be extended to, will not be capable of *reconciling me* to the loss I have sustained.

Of undivided happiness, I can form no idea. I participated, it is true, in the domestic enjoyments of my friend; but in the sacred engagement of marriage, man only enjoys a state of *blessedness* upon earth. That there are many unhappy contracts, Mr. Editor, is, alas! too certain: Unions of interest and convenience in a venal world, must take place; but where two persons mutually esteem the private character of each other, a difference of opinion ought never to be magnified into a fault.

Life is too short, and happiness too fleeting, to become the sport of whim or caprice; and I could not resist the inclination I felt to warn your correspondents of the misery they seem to be laying in store for themselves. Mr. Will-have-his-way ought not to expect that a lively young woman can derive pleasure from silently attending to learned disquisitions, or dogmatical disputes: neither ought the lady to require him entirely to relinquish the society of his pedantic acquaintance, or sacrifice his time to what he may consider trifling, futile pursuits.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

AN ENEMY TO DOMESTIC STRIFE.

## *THE HOTTENTOT BOY.*

WHEN, before the late Peace of Amiens, the English were in possession of the Cape of Good Hope, I was one of a number of officers who accompanied the general in an excursion through the settlement, in which we saw some things which excited our admiration, and many things that disgusted us. Among the former were the great waggons, in which the Dutch Farmers, who are distant from Cape Town, perform their long journies; living entirely in them, and sleeping also at night; while the slaves find shelter under them; and the cattle graze beside, in spots chosen for the purpose, to rest in when evening draws on. They will yoke ten or twelve pair of horses or oxen to one of these vehicles; and it is surprising to see the dexterity of the two slaves who sit in front of the waggon; one holding the reins, and the other exercising a prodigious whip, which they are so expert in the use of, as to touch any part of the body of the cattle they please, even to striking a fly. It is very interesting to a stranger, to see these clumsy vehicles, and great number of cattle, forced along without any regard to obstacles, at full speed, over precipices, and through rough roads, in perfect safety. But on the other hand, the means made use of to render the cattle thus manageable, are revolting to humanity. We were affected with mingled sensations of horror and compassion, to see the boor, or farmer, when the cattle seem to sink under fatigue, draw out a great knife, and score lines upon their flesh; and sometimes, in his fury, cut off complete slices. It is grievous to see the poor animals shudder, as well aware of their cruel master's intentions, when he gets out of the waggon in a rage, and whets his knife on the wheels for the above cruel purpose. They turn on each side, and shun as far as the har-

ness permits, to avoid their tormentor. This reminded us of the instruments of torture we found on taking possession of the Cape, and which were all destroyed by the English Governor, as a disgrace to human nature.

Another subject which excited much disgust, was the contempt the Dutch entertain for the poor Hottentots, whom they scarcely hold in the rank of human beings. If you ask any question concerning them of a Dutch boor, he thinks the subject too contemptible to converse about. We, however, formed a regiment of seven hundred Hottentots, who were, for the most part, fine, active fellows, capable of excellent discipline; and when employed, manifested obedience and courage, which did equal honor to themselves and their instructors.

Full of the impressions which these scenes were calculated to produce, we entered the house of a Dutch Farmer, when our attention was presently engaged by an interesting Hottentot Boy of about eight years of age, who sat on a table at the farther end of the room, struck with the splendid glare of the dress of so many officers as had entered the house: a faint smile was diffused over his sickly features; and, on a nearer approach, we discovered a large iron ring, of ten or twelve pounds weight, riveted round the middle of each leg, which was deeply indented by the rings, partly from their tightness, and partly, as we afterwards found, from the length of time since the punishment was inflicted, so that the flesh had almost grown over them. While our hearts sickened at the sight, our indignation and pity at once connected the scene before us with the treatment we had been witnesses to, of the cattle and slaves in our excursion. Restraining these emotions, however, as much as possible, the general, standing beside the Boy, calmly demanded of the farmer, the reason of the child appearing in that situation. "To punish the villain for his carelessness." "What careless-

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ness could such a child possibly be guilty of, that could merit such a severe punishment?" says the general. "Severe! he ought to have his flesh gashed, and the wounds dressed with salt and vinegar." "What was his crime?" "I sent him to take care of the sheep, and he suffered some of them to wander, and they were lost." "That was, indeed, an unpardonable crime. How old is he?" "The rascal is almost eight years old."—"And how long has he undergone this punishment?" "Two years." "You consider the Hottentots then as possessed of very extraordinary talents. There are few children in Europe, or, I should apprehend, among your own or our countrymen here, who could keep a large flock of sheep on widely-extended heaths or wilds, at six years of age." "Talents! they are scarcely equal to the cattle, and must be rendered tractable and useful the same way." "The way in which both are disciplined is pretty severe, as we have observed in many instances. But however plain it may appear to you, I cannot so easily reconcile your countrymens' way of considering the natives as hardly partaking of our common nature, (certainly very far behind us in acquired advantages, such as civilization, cultivation, &c.) and yet expecting from them a degree of sagacity and conduct, beyond the best cultivated nations upon earth, as you have done with respect to this poor Hottentot Boy. But avarice bars every avenue to the admission of fair and just conclusions; and I find no difficulty in conceiving how it should obliterate every idea of mercy. I am more at a loss to assign a cause for your losing two years services of one who, according to your account, might and ought to have rendered so many in the time." "As to that, I found my account in the effect such an example had upon my other slaves; who, having such an instance of the consequence of neglecting their duty constantly before their eyes, were taught the fear of offending; and the seeming loss of this

boy's work has been more than made up to me." "A just conclusion, no doubt; and you will not, I apprehend, think it an improbable supposition on my part, that the beneficial effect will long remain, and that there is no danger of its being speedily forgotten by your slaves. You will, therefore, I hope, find no difficulty in complying with my request, that an end be put to this child's sufferings; and that it will not be thought unreasonable, if I myself take care to see it duly executed; for which purpose, you will harness one of your waggons, and convey him, just as he is, to the camp, whither I, and my brother officers, will accompany you, to be witnesses of his deliverance from his torments, and guardians of his future liberty: and as we shall make three days journey of it, there will be no need of stimulating the cattle by any of those cruel means which we have been too often spectators of in this excursion."

The general managed this dialogue with admirable address, restraining his indignation, and speaking with the utmost calmness, so that the *denouement* was not in the least suspected. It is to be remembered, that as the English were in possession of the Cape by the right of conquest, these injunctions of the general, however mildly uttered, carried authority in them, which the other knew it was in vain to resist. Notwithstanding, therefore, the mortification of disappointed vengeance, the humiliation before his family and slaves, the loss of time and labour, (no trifling consideration with a Dutch boor,) he immediately prepared to obey.

The cattle being harnessed to the waggon, and proper furniture being conveyed into it for our accommodation in the night, according to the custom beforementioned, the boy was placed in it, ironed as he was; the general, the farmer, and the rest of the officers, accompanying, relieving each other by riding and walking in turn. The boor manifested a

sullen acquiescence in all that was done; acquiescence being, indeed, all that was required of him; as the general committed the command of the slaves who managed the cattle to one of his lieutenants. In the afternoon of the third day, we reached the camp; and the waggon was placed in the open space before the general's tent. The covering was then ordered to be taken off, and the floor of the vehicle appeared as a stage on which the general intended to represent the principal act in the drama. The victim of the Dutch farmer's cruelty was left sitting in the midst of it, just as he appeared to us when we first saw him; and the troops assembling round, the whole army before night were pretty generally acquainted with the story. This was the sole reason why the general had suffered the poor child to remain in the state in which we found him, till we should have arrived at Head-Quarters, that all might be witnesses of the master's inhumanity, and might justify the propriety of his own proceedings.

The evening being come, the general and a guard ascended the stage, directing the boor to ascend likewise. A smith was then ordered to unclasp the rings which were on the boy's legs, as carefully as possible, the flesh having nearly risen over them; and the guard seizing the boor, the smith riveted them round his legs, and drew them sufficiently tight to give the inhuman master a taste of the pain the other had so long endured; but, far from bearing it with the same patience his helpless victim had done, he set up the most hideous yellings, bellowing out frequently, "Is this the way to treat Christians?" It appeared to us in a very amiable point of view, to observe the child manifest no signs of exultation at seeing his master under torture on his account, but rather as if he would have delivered him from it, had it been in his power. The general immediately summoned the head-surgeon, and gave him charge of the boy, directing him to use his utmost skill to restore,

restore, if possible, the limbs to their proper shape, and prevent any future bad consequences to his growth or activity.

He then ordered the boor's slaves to harness as many of their cattle as were necessary to draw the waggon to a retired place, at a convenient distance from the camp, (as, indeed, from his constant bellowing, there was no hope of repose while he was within hearing,) and having appointed a guard constantly to relieve each other until further orders, withdrew, without giving any intimation of the length of time he intended the boor to remain in his present situation, or the price he designed he should pay for his deliverance. It should have been observed, that, previous to the child's being carried off to the surgeon's tent, he fell at his deliverer's feet, in an agony, as it were, of gratitude, clasping his legs, and embracing his knees, who, on his part, was almost overcome with the sensations which rushed upon him.

It was agreed among the officers who spent that evening with the general, that the inhuman farmer should remain in his present state of suffering *two* full days, reckoning each day for a year of the time the helpless victim of his avarice and cruelty had been tortured; and it was concluded not to announce the duration to him beforehand, that the uncertainty might make him feel the full weight of his punishment; it not being the pinching his flesh, but the correction of his mind, which was our general's aim. He also consulted them on the amount of the mulct he intended to lay upon him, to remunerate the surgeon, and provide for the boy till able to obtain a livelihood for himself.

The boor was therefore suffered to remain without the camp unnoticed by any one from the general, but was occasionally gazed at by stragglers from the army, whose reports gave but little hope of amendment, as he kept roaring out, and often repeating, "Is it thus you

you treat Christians?" shewing that humanity towards his fellow-creatures was not an article in his Christian code; or, speaking more properly, that Hottentots were not considered by him in that light.

At the appointed time, the waggon was brought back into the camp, when the general having informed him of the price at which he must purchase his deliverance, and the purpose the money was to be devoted to, ordered the rings to be taken off his legs, and some unguents to be given him to assuage the pain. Then addressing him on the wickedness of denying to the natives a participation in our common nature, and the inhumanity and barbarity both towards man and beast, to which it led, and trusting (he said) that the slight, comparatively very slight, measure of punishment inflicted on him, would influence him to be more merciful, he was dismissed.

## *ON MODESTY, &c.*

MODESTY, non-pretension, and delicacy of behaviour, when joined to the accidental dignity of riches, and an elevated station, will certainly succeed, and be admired; but when joined only to intrinsic dignity, without those accidental advantages, they will serve, perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obscure station. The very qualities, then, which make you admired at the top of the world, might have served also, however you deserve to be there, to have kept you from arriving at that situation.

A

*INDISCRETIONS.*

## *INDISCRETIONS.*

### A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

[Continued from page 42.]

### *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*Morning. An Apartment in the* GOVERNOR'S *House.*

YOUNG MAITLAND *and* JULIANA.

*Juliana.* WHAT makes you so thoughtful of late, Horatio? Has my affection worn a troublesome appearance, that you thus shun me?

*Maitland.* Wrong not yourself so much, Juliana. I must be an ingrate indeed, to repay your condescensions with slight, at a moment when my whole soul should be devoted to you.

*Juliana. (Aside.)* Should be! Ha, that sounds equivocally. Now tell me, Horatio, and tell me truly, am I the first woman you ever loved?

*Maitland. (Starting.)* What a question! Is it not sufficient to assure you, that you are the only woman I love?

*Juliana.* I see, by your agitation, that I have guessed rightly. However, I will not pry too deeply into your secrets: but remember, Horatio, in deceiving me, you may deceive yourself.

*Maitland.* Believe me, I will never deceive you in any thing of consequence. Good morning! I must attend the Governor: this is a very important day, Juliana. [*Exit.*

*Juliana.* Aye, my old uncle makes it important enough with his papers, and parchments, and cautions, and injunctions. Maitland has half a mind to waver, I perceive; but his father will keep him firm to his engagement; and I shall succeed in my plan, if I can but silence that wretch Sidbolt, who has taken it into his head to be very fond, now that he

sees

sees I am likely to be out of his reach. If I can but keep him silent till after to-morrow, I shall care little what he says. How could I ever like the odious creature! Oh, he comes; I must dissemble.

*Enter* SIDBOLT.

*Sidbolt.* Good morning, Madam: you look charmingly to-day. The thoughts of your approaching happiness has given you a most becoming bloom. If I dared hazard such a supposition, I would venture to say, that you blush for what you are about to do.

*Juliana.* Your compliment savors a little of sarcasm, Sidbolt. To be plain with you, I see you think yourself ill-treated.

*Sidbolt.* Have not I cause, Madam?

*Juliana.* Not more than Adolphus had.

*Sidbolt.* True; you do well to palliate one error, by reminding me of another; yet I have still more reason; our connection was of that kind which——

*Juliana.* Made us soon heartily tired of each other! Come, come, Sidbolt; you are too captious. You well know that we can never be united: you know my uncle too well to expect it, even if it was your wish, which I much doubt. By marrying Maitland, I secure to you every advantage. However we may disagree in trifling matters, you are well assured of my regard; nor doubt that you shall still have convincing proofs of it.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Servant.* Some strangers, Madam, have brought dispatches for the Governor; they request an audience.

*Juliana.* Shew them in. [*Exit Servant.*

*Enter* CARLOSINE, PHELIM, *and* ORRINA.

*Juliana.* Your name, Sir!

*Carlosine.*

*Carlosine.* My name, Madam, is unknown to the Governor; my business is private, and I must solicit the honor of an interview.

*Juliana. (Haughtily.)* Indeed! The Governor is not accustomed to confer that distinction on persons unknown. This gentleman will deliver any papers or message.

*Phelim.* To be sure, Madam, we have had a long walk; and if it was not a distinction you are unaccustomed to confer, I should be glad of a chair; for my—my—Oh, what the Devil was I after saying?

*Juliana.* This servant of yours is impertinent, Sir! Will you be seated? Captain Sidbolt, the gentleman will entrust you with his papers.

*Phelim.* Faith, then, if I am impertinent, I see I can *tache* other people to be a little polite.

*Sidbolt. (Aside to Juliana.)* This is an adventure. Are you so blind that you cannot see a woman in disguise?

*Juliana.* Is it possible! Ah! you are right. *(Sidbolt receives a Packet from Carlosine, and retires.)* You are strangely attended, Sir. A female companion makes me suppose your business to be of a domestic nature.

*Carlosine.* This kind native was my guide: this honest sailor is my countryman and friend. My business, Madam, is with the Governor.

*Juliana.* Excuse me if I appear inquisitive. I am interested by your appearance; and if it is in my power to be of any service, rely on my exertions.

*Carlosine.* I am obliged to you, Madam: the circumstances of my situation are peculiarly delicate; I must rely only on the generosity of the Governor. With your permission, I will wait his answer.

*Juliana. (Aside.)* I must get at this secret. *(To Phelim.)* My good friend, you will, no doubt, be glad of some refreshment: follow me.

*Phelim. (Looking significantly at Carlosine.)* Leave an Irishman alone for that, lady. We love good eating

eating and drinking, and we know how to keep a quiet tongue in our heads. Come, my little Orrina.

[*Exit with Juliana.*

*Carlosine.* On the Governor's answer depends my fate. Should he refuse to see me, all hope is lost. I have no friend on earth. Oh, Maitland! was it for this imperious fair one you deserted your poor Carlosine!

*Enter* MAITLAND.

*Maitland.* Carlosine!—Who spoke that name?—*(Carlosine starts at his voice, and endeavors to conceal her face.)*—A stranger! Sir, may I beg to know?—Ha! he conceals himself; he is agitated; what can this mean?—*(Approaches Carlosine, who sinks into a chair.)*—'Tis she, by Heavens! Carlosine! What brought you here?—

*Carlosine.* Oh, Maitland, think not I came to reproach you, or meanly to solicit a return of your regard; far different was the business which brought me to this country. I knew not till I arrived, that you was here. I come not to interrupt your happiness, Horatio.

*Maitland.* Happiness!—Carlosine? Alas! your unkindness has robbed me of that for ever.

*Carlosine.* Condemn me not; think of your own neglect.

*Maitland.* I have written repeatedly.

*Carlosine.* Impossible! I never received a line.

*Maitland.* What treachery! I will trace it to its source.

*Carlosine.* What avails it now? You have transferred your affections to another.

*Maitland.* Never: paternal authority, and a slight degree of admiration on my side, resentment at your supposed indifference, and a variety of circumstances, led me into an engagement with Juliana; but I never loved her.

*Enter* JULIANA.

*Juliana. (Aside.)* Ha, traitor, have I detected thee! —But hold! I must dissemble, or all will be lost.

*Carlosine.* Alas! Horatio, your assurance of unchanged affection, while it gives me heart-felt joy, yet affords me little room for hope. Is not your honor engaged? What then remains for me?

*Maitland.* Fear not, my beloved Carlosine. I know the strict integrity of the Governor would make him your warmest advocate when he hears all the particulars. And Juliana has too much pride and delicacy to desire the ratification of engagements which no longer seem desired by me.

*Juliana.* You are right, Sir! Excuse me if I have accidentally heard part of your discourse with this lady; and I am happy to find you so far capable of doing me justice.

*Carlosine.* Ah, Madam, such exalted sentiments, while they raise my esteem, fill me with concern at being a bar to your happiness.

*Maitland.* Generous girl! this prompt acquiescence to our wishes, even exceeds my expectation.

*Juliana.* And fills you with surprise, no doubt. You imagined, perhaps, that a fond foolish woman would persecute you with tears and reproaches. I loved you, Maitland: you have yet to learn what I would do for you.

*Enter* SIDBOLT.

*Sidbolt. (To Carlosine.)* Your letters have filled the Governor with pleasing astonishment; he waits with anxiety to see you. Shall I conduct you to him?

*Maitland.* What mystery is this? Is the Governor apprised of——

*Carlosine. (Smiling.)* Of what you little expect. Attend me to his apartment; for I dread the interview.

view. You will there learn a secret of importance. Amiable Juliana, doubt not my friendship and gratitude. [*Exit with Maitland.*

*Juliana.* Nor doubt my vengeance, sweet little adventurer. Who is this minx, Sidbolt?

*Sidbolt.* A bewitching creature, upon my soul; and no less a person of consequence than the Governor's daughter!

*Juliana.* Is it possible! This is a blow.

*Sidbolt.* I suppose, as affairs stand at present, you will have no objection to do me a good turn. I am enamoured with this girl's beauty, and must have her.

*Juliana.* You will have a formidable rival to contend with; one who has long loved her, and to whom she is unalterably attached—Maitland!—

*Sidbolt.* Confusion! that detested object of my envy! must he again blast my prospects? And will the proud Juliana so readily resign her empire?

*Juliana.* Do not you know me better? Can you doubt an injured woman's vengeance?

*Sidbolt.* What is it you meditate? I know your ingenuity can devise means unthought of by common understandings. That indignant eye, that contracted brow, that quivering lip, proves your mind laboring with some scheme of importance. Confide in me, Juliana; I will pledge my faith to assist you in any undertaking. Throw that girl into my power, and rely on my services while life remains!

*Juliana.* Excellent! Sidbolt will strain each nerve to serve me, while precious self-interest prompts him in my cause; and self-interest dictates my gratitude. The girl shall be in your power. At present, we must conceal our designs beneath the mask of friendship: we must appear to share in the general rejoicing. In the old watch-tower is a suite of apartments which will form an elegant establishment for your fair bride; ways and means will be found to convey her thither. Leave me to arrange it properly. Let us

now retire; it is not fit that we should be seen in conference together. At leisure, I will unfold to you my plan of proceeding. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE—The* GOVERNOR'S *Apartment.*

HORNCASTLE, MAITLAND, CARLOSINE, AND HORATIO.

*Governor.* Fear not, my child. I have hitherto appeared cruel and unjust: I will now make you amends for all. Colonel, much remains to be adjusted between us.

*Colonel.* I take shame to myself for the part I have acted: I considered Horatio's attachment to Carlosine as a mere boyish whim. You can allow for the anxious feelings of a parent, Governor; and can, perhaps, excuse the fears which prompted me to destroy those letters which might but have encreased my son's affections for a girl I then imagined so much beneath him in rank.

*Governor.* I could say something severe on the occasion. However, if my girl and Horatio can forgive, I will not interrupt the joy of the moment by a dispute with an old friend. But tell me, girl, did not my wife, your mother, teach you to hate me?

*Carlosine. (Kissing his hand.)* Far from it, Sir: my first lessons were to love and reverence a parent I had never seen. On her death-bed she took those letters which I had seen her write with many tears. Carlosine, my child, said she, this is one last attempt to awaken nature in the heart of your unkind father. While I remained to protect you, I was unwilling to importune him. I have been to blame, I own, and I implore his pardon. If he forgives me, let him prove it in his kindness to you. Go to him, and at his feet solicit his blessing: he is good and generous to those he loves. It is I alone who have offended. Surely he will not spurn an innocent child! My poor mother soon after expired, pronouncing your name. *Governor.*

*Governor.* Enough! Enough! What a hard-hearted wretch I have been! Oh, my child, after this, can you love me? But why this disguise, Carlosine? It ill befits feminine delicacy.

*Carlosine.* Forgive me, Sir: a secret fear, the result of respect, not hatred, believe me, gave me a thousand apprehensions as to the reception I might meet with. Among a variety of wild expedients, this suggested itself. My mother's faithful servant, Phelim, would not desert me: he begged to attend me on my voyage; and when wrecked on this coast, he preserved my life at the hazard of his own.

*Governor.* Where is the brave fellow? I will reward him.

*Carlosine.* I have more claimants on your kindness, my father. Some benevolent Indians last night afforded us shelter and protection from the inclemency of the elements, and the dangers we were exposed to, in an unknown country. In the hour of joy, it would be sinful to forget those who have so materially contributed to our welfare.

*Governor.* I am glad that you bear such a grateful heart, my child. I will not be unmindful of those you wish me to favor. But where is the noble-minded Juliana, who has made such an heroic sacrifice?

*Carlosine.* In obtaining your affection, Sir, with the assurance of Horatio's regard, I am fully satisfied in every wish: I have, therefore, but one request to make: but first inform me, have I yet a brother?

*Governor. (With emotion.)* You have not.

*Carlosine.* Then, my father, I trust you will not refuse the first request I make on this happy day. Let Juliana be still your heiress. Horatio has too noble a soul to harbour one mercenary idea. Let Juliana inherit all; it is at best but a poor compensation for the loss she has sustained.

*Maitland.* You make me too proud, Carlosine; and you have taken an excellent method of consoling me for the loss of a few thousands.

*Governor.* Ah, you both talk like silly children, who treat money as dirt; while love and nonsensical notions are in your heads: you little know the pains and perils I have gone through to acquire wealth, or you would not treat it so lightly.

*Carlosine.* Did it always confer happiness, father?

*Governor.* Why, in truth, I cannot say it has hitherto; but I intend that it shall; for I intend to divide it between you and Juliana, if the old Colonel and I can agree.

*Enter* JULIANA.

We were wishing for you, niece. I am happy in the opportunity of praising you for an action which will reflect everlasting honor on your name.

*Juliana.* I am happy in your approbation, Sir; and I feel a secret satisfaction in what I am about to do, which repays me for whatever I might otherwise suffer. Miss Horncastle, may I hope for your friendship?

*Carlosine.* And boundless gratitude! *(Embracing her.)*

*Governor.* And now let us adjourn to dinner; after which Maitland and I, when left to ourselves, will make the necessary arrangements; and as to-morrow was to be Horatio's wedding-day, we will not disappoint him. *(Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

THE

# THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

*The Roman History, from the Foundation of Rome, to the Subversion of the Eastern Empire, and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in A. D.* 1453. *Including the Antiquities, Manners, and Customs, as well as the Jurisprudence and Military Establishment of the Romans. In Seven Books. By the Rev. J. Adams, A. M. Author of the History of Great Britain, &c. One Vol.* 12*mo. pp.* 372, 4*s.* 6*d. Bound.*

The noble subject of this volume has been so often and so ably discussed, that any farther attempt could not be expected to have much claim to novelty. In the present, we, however, find that the matter of the three last books is new, considering it in the light of an abridgement. These books comprise the History of the Roman Empire in the East, after its fall in the West; the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the manners, customs, laws, and military establishments of the Romans, and much miscellaneous information respecting Roman affairs. The last book, in particular, by containing a vast fund of curious information, anecdotes and sketches, unconnected with the regular history, renders the volume extremely useful as a school book. *Anti-jacobin.*

*Memoirs of the Life and Character of Gilbert Purring, younger, of Caernarvon; with important Observations on Modern Fashionable Education. By an eminent Editor,* 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is an ingenious and pleasant satire on the bad effects of parental indulgence when carried to excess, and especially on the fashionable system of educating young women, as far as music is concerned. From the daughters of the peer to those of the vender of packthread, all spend the greatest part of their youth in *thumping* a piano-forte, and the solid and useful parts of education are sacrificed for idle and frivolous accomplishments. From all this screaming and thrumming, it would appear to be the general idea, that husbands are to be procured by noise and discord. The *equitoque* is not altogether so well supported as it might be, but upon the whole the performance deserves praise. *Literary Journal.*

## *The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall, Historically Surveyed. By John Whitaker, B. D. Rector of Ruanlanyhorne, Cornwall. Two Vols. 4to. pp.* 782.

Among the many excellencies which distinguish the writings of Mr Whitaker, is the happy combination of individual interest with general truth and important instruction. He whose sense of right and susceptibility, of the appropriate impressions from beautiful and exalted objects, without deviating from facts, exhibited the lovely Mary, a charming, defenceless, forlorn woman, receiving every mortification from savages, and yet great, elevated, and engaging, in all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and exhibited a true case as strongly as if it had been the fiction of Desdemona and Belvidera, shewed his dramatic powers, and hurried the reader into every view and sentiment which he entertained himself. Here shone a man of genius, taste, and feeling, a cavalier eagerly attentive to the dignities and diversities of life. While he thus interested mankind in the fortunes of Mary, a charming and distressed woman of rank, he rose to a different view of the subject, and traced rebellion and anarchy from the new levelling principles, which Calvin had disseminated on the Continent, and John Knox spread with such destructive rapidity through Scotland, as to depose the Sovereign, and send her ultimately to what proved a scene of regicide.

From this view he rises to a third, the absurdity of all violent innovations, and draws a contrast between moderate reformers and boundless revolutionists. Of the former cast was Luther, who proposed to correct abuses without destroying essentials; of the latter Calvin, who proposed to overturn hierachy and monarchy, and to level all ranks and distinctions. In the former of the above mentioned qualities Mr. Whitaker must always delight; and in the latter must always instruct. *Anti-jacobin.*

## *Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hertford, (afterwards Duchess of Somerset,) and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, between the years* 1738 *and* 1741. *In Three Volumes,* 8vo.

Of these noble authors the former is well known to the public, as well by her own excellent performances, as the eulogia of the most eminent, and the testimony of the most virtuous, and of whose merits we shall give a farther display, in a short time, from her unpublished correspondence with Mrs. Rowe, now in our possession. Of the latter, less is known; but in every essential respect she seems to have nearly resembled her amiable friend and distinguished correspondent, and exhibits proofs of an intelligent and well-informed mind, and of a heart susceptible of amiable virtues and unaffected devotion. These letters commenced very soon after Lord Pomfret and his family left England to reside on the

the Continent; and they were continued for about three years, at intervals of not much more than a week from each other. The collection is such a one as will afford pleasure to the reader.

*European Magazine.*

*Tobias; a Poem, in Three Parts. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Boards.*

Whoever peruses this poem, will be ready to admit that Dr. Booker has greatly improved the apocryphal story of Tobit. He has kept tolerably close to the original, but not with such servility as to represent Tobit's blindness as the effect of "sparrows muting warm dung into his eyes;" and had he taken other liberties with the original fable, his poem might have been improved. The similies and illustrations are elegant additions, which relieve a very deficient narrative. In many parts of the blank verse, Dr. B. is a manifest copyist of Milton. When we read

——'as when opposing spheres
Eclipse the sun's resplendent orb—with dread
Filling the nations,'

can we help recollecting one of the most beautiful similies in the Paradise Lost? Nor, when the following description meets the eye,

——'The delightful scene
Where God had plac'd them—stor'd with ev'ry good
The roving eye to please, or warm the heart:
*Flow'rs of all scent and hue*, and pendent fruits
Nectareous,'

can our memories be so treacherous as not to present to our mental view the picture of Eden? *Monthly Review.*

*Harvest Home: consisting of Supplementary Gleanings, Original Dramas and Poems, Contributions of Literary Friends, and Select Re-publications, including Sympathy, a Poem. Revised, corrected, and enlarged, from the Eighth Edition. In Three Volumes. By Mr. Pratt. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.*

The "Harvest Home" is ever considered the season of mirth, gaiety, and humour; the cares of the moment are forgotten, and all unpleasant sensations subside before the general impulse of joy and festivity. The name of the present work is not ill adapted to its contents. Mr. Pratt once more appears before that public, from whom he has so frequently met with a favorable reception, with all his accustomed good humour, and with an increased stock of anecdote, and a not unentertaining vivacity. *British Critic.*

*The Lives of the Scottish Poets: with preliminary Dissertations on the literary History of Scotland, and the early Scottish Drama. By David Irving, A. M. Two Vols. 8vo. pp. 954 18s.*

This work is divided into two parts; Preliminary Dissertations and Lives. The first of the Preliminary Dissertations seems intended to give a summary of what has been done for the literary history of Scotland by the latest and best antiquaries and critics, whose opinions Mr. Irving states, in general, with brevity and candour; but seldom attempts to decide in contested points. He is, therefore, to be ranked rather among the industrious compilers, than among those who, by consulting the remotest authorities, and examining MSS. are enabled not only to clear up obscurities, and rectify errors, but to present a work which has all the merit of original composition. *British Critic.*

*Evening Amusements, or the Beauty of the Heavens displayed. In which several striking Appearances, observable on various Evenings in the Heavens, during the Year 1804, are described; and several Means within Doors are pointed out, by which the Time of young Persons may be innocently, agreeably, and profitably employed. Intended to be continued annually. By William Frend, Esq. M. A. and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Boards.*

We have been very remiss in our notice of this performance; which, in justice to the author, and for the benefit of the public, we ought sooner to have recommended. The plan, which the title-page sufficiently sets forth, is extremely good; and the author, in acting on it, has with great success combined amusement with instruction, and has stated objects exactly and familiarly.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Frend has not relinquished his plan, but that he continues to instruct the star-gazers of 1805: but we have not seen advertised the *Evening Amusements* for the current year. *Monthly Review.*

*The Life of Professor Gellert; with a Course of Moral Lessons delivered by him in the University of Leipsic; taken from the French Translation of the original German. In Three Volumes. By Mrs. Douglas, of Ednam House. 8vo. 1l. 1s.*

Gellert, though much admired in his own country, has hitherto been very little known in this; and Mrs. Douglas has certainly conferred a benefit upon the public, in bringing forward to notice the

the life, and some part of the writings, of so truly amiable, and so truly Christian, an author. In reading the life of Gellert, it is impossible not to compare him, more or less, with our own admired Cowper. The same modesty, the same gentleness, the same simplicity of character, the same constitutional melancholy, the same ardent piety: though, happily, not being entangled with the overwhelming idea of arbitrary and irresistible condemnation, the mind of Gellert was not precipitated into a diseased despondency. He was, in short, what Cowper would have been, had he escaped the taint of Calvinistic Methodism. *British Critic.*

*Characteristic Anecdotes from the History of Russia. With Notes, Chronological, Biographical, and Explanatory. Forming a useful Manual of Russian History. Translated from the French of the Counsellor of State, Clausen. By B. Lambert.* 8*vo.* 5*s.*

This is a very entertaining volume, which, commencing with the very early history of Russia, records some of the instances of generosity, courage, and virtue, of that great people. It does not, indeed, quite answer the promise of the title-page, for the notes are unimportant, and it is amusing rather than useful. We give an anecdote as a specimen.

"The Empress Catherine ordered a vessel to be launched in her presence. She was seated in an arm-chair, on a pier forty feet high. The ship-wrights had imprudently left one of the masts inclined in such a manner, that the vessel in its progress must have overturned the royal seat into the sea. Admiral Greig, who was with the Empress, instantly perceived the danger, and had only time to remove the chair with her. The Princess, somewhat astonished at this method of conveyance, soon saw the mast graze the spot from which she had been removed; then turning to the Englishman, with an ineffable smile, "Sir," said she, "for the first time in your life, you have felt the sensation of fear!"

*British Critic.*

*Elements of Criticism. The ninth Edition. With the Author's last Corrections and Additions. Two Vols.* 8*vo.* 12*s.*

The present edition of the Elements of Criticism, which professes to include "the author's last corrections and additions," is neatly printed in two volumes, and must form a desirable acquisition to every student in the science of rational criticism, from its very moderate price. Nor can we recommend the work more fitly to general attention, than by citing the candid character which Mr. Irving has given of it in his valuable dissertation on the literary history of Scotland, prefixed to his recently-published Lives of the Scottish Poets. "Lord Kaimes's Elements of Criticism present

sent

sent us with the first regular attempt to confer on criticism the dignity and solidity of science. To literary composition former writers had applied detached principles of philosophy; Aristotle, the father of criticism, has himself proceeded with a reference to the original principles of our nature; but it was reserved for the genius of Kaimes to frame a system of philosophical criticism. His work is distinguished by an original mode of thinking; and his positions are always delivered in precise and simple language. He has found many admirers in England and Ireland, as well as in Scotland." *Monthly Mirror.*

*The Castle of Santa Fé; a Novel. By a Clergyman's Daughter; Author of Jealousy, or the Dreadful Mistake. 4 Vols. 12mo.*

We congratulate this lady upon her improvement in the capacity of a novel-writer. The Castle of Santa Fé is an interesting tale, marked with much variety of incident, and contrast of character. The heroine wins upon our favor as we proceed, and we are concerned in her happiness at the last. The moral and religious sentiments with which the work abounds, are well worthy the respectable title of their author; namely, that of a clergyman's daughter. We wish we were as secure of finding nothing contrary to strict propriety in the writings of some of her fellow-labourers, as we are in the productions of this fair author.

*Critical Review.*

*What you please; or Memoirs of Modern Characters. 12mo. 4 Vols. 16s. Boards.*

The hero of this tale is a young man of singular merit and accomplishments, whose narrow circumstances induce him to accept the office of tutor in a nobleman's family. While he resides in this situation, a mutual affection between the hero and the amiable daughter of the nobleman lays a foundation for their future union. Various events intervene to procrastinate this happy event; some of which will amuse, and others perhaps will appear tedious to the reader. The writer displays ability in describing characters, and their peculiar turns of temper; and he shews himself, in many instances, a good observer of the springs and motives which influence the conduct of individuals in the commerce of life. A number of quotations from classical authors are also introduced, which inform us that the writer is a man of education. The ambition which he expresses, that the moral tendency of his work should be approved, is much in his favor; and we recollect but one instance in which he has deviated from so laudable a design, viz. the indulgence which he is disposed to allow to what are called 'occasional gallantries.' *Monthly Review.*

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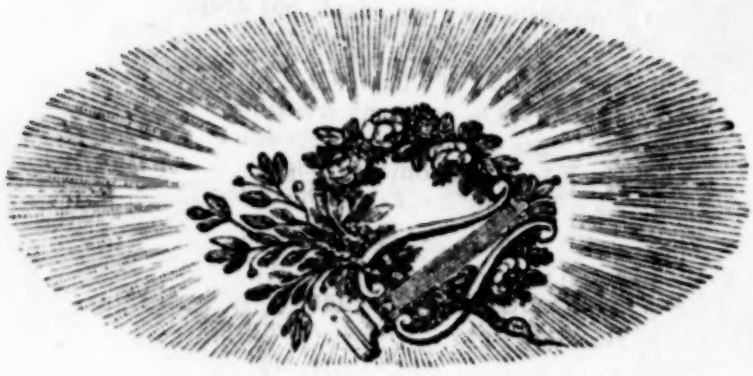

# *The Apollonian Wreath.*

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## *STANZAS TO MY GRAVE.*

SILENT mansion! deep and dreary,
Sweetest boon a wretch can crave;
Rest for the forlorn and weary;
Thee I hail, inviting grave!

What though darkness long has veil'd thee,
Darkness has no pang for me:
Life's dim light has often fail'd me,
None were e'er deceiv'd by thee.

Soft the bed, and still the chamber,
Where these pilgrim feet shall rest;
Earth's rough road no more to clamber,
Torn, and weary, and oppress'd.

Worm! I hail thy meeken'd riot;
Soft thy touch, and still thy tread!
Welcome, little aid, to quiet
This torn heart and frenzied head.

No Egyptian balm shall cheat thee,
No emblazon'd urn shall spare;
But if MARY's form can treat thee,
Stingless reptile, take thy fare.

Silent mansion!—deep and dreary,
O'er thy pleasures now I rave!
Rest for the forlorn and weary;
Welcome—sweet inviting grave!

Though thou boast no richer cover
Than the wild grass, dank and deep,
Aged yews shall o'er thee hover;
Primros'd gales shall round thee sweep.

Might I crave to grace my dwelling,
One more charm,—to angels dear;
Rapture in my bosom swelling
While I name it—Friendship's tear?

Should the throb of keen reflection
Bring the sacred offering nigh;
Stamp the record of affection,
Hovering saints, who mark my joy.

Sod! O let the hallow'd treasure
Force through thee its grateful way.
Nor abate the precious measure
Till it greets the mould'ring clay.

Richer far the sweet libation
To this weak deluded heart,
Than the homage of the nation,
Brib'd by Bacon's powerful art.

Silent mansion! deep and dreary!
Sweetest boon a wretch can crave;
Rest for the forlorn and weary;
Lo, I come! inviting grave.

## *I HAVE A HEART OF PENSIVE CARE.*

I HAVE a heart of pensive care,
What bud of hope can cheer it?
Shall spring returning, chace despair,
And plant fresh blossoms near it?

Oh, no! for me no spring returns,
No bud unfolding pleasure tells;
No sun can cheer the soul that mourns,
No bloom expands where sorrow dwells!

I am a tree of blighted bloom;
Each germ is wither'd to the view.
Offensive dews, in midnight gloom,
Congeal'd the plant of dawning hue.

Tho' strong and rude the oak is seen,
Unbending to the tempest's swell,
Behold it level'd with the stream,
While waves its stubborn pride repel.

But mark the reed which still is seen,
Bowing its weak head in the vale;
Resign'd, it bends with yielding mien,
Submissive to each passing gale.

Then, tho' I drag a joyless life,
And fortune scanty gifts may send;
Not like the oak, at constant strife,
But like the reed, I'll patient bend.

And tho' the storms of life increase,
And keen the blast by sorrow brought,
Yet time the tyrant power may cease,
And sooth to rest each anxious thought.

*June*, 1805. PASTORA.

## *THE YEW TREE;*

### ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

### BY J. FITCH.

HIGH-WAVING o'er Zulema's tomb,
Oft bath'd with pearly dew,
Diffusing wide a mournful gloom,
Behold the sable Yew.

And see where yonder mouldering towers,
Old Time is peeping through;
There the once consecrated bowers
Are form'd with dusky Yew.

There, too, full oft the boding bird,
To scenes of sadness true,
With deep funereal scream is heard—
She loves the solemn Yew.

The wrinkled hag, as poets tell,
With her infernal crew,
Oft waves, to aid the midnight spell,
A branch of potent Yew.

Poor luckless Damon, love-lorn swain!
Whose charmer prov'd untrue,
Oft chaunts his melancholy strain
Beneath some lonely Yew.

Hence does its sable verdure seem
To gloom and silence due;
Yet I all other foliage deem
Not half so bright as—You.

What

What though it shades Zulema's tomb,
Or aids th' infernal crew,
Or seems to shed a mournful gloom,
Yet still how charming—You!

And though its dark-green branches bear
No flowers of beauteous hue,
Still does my humble Muse declare
No bloom so bright as—You.

Though balmy odours greet the swain
Who treads the morning dew,
Not all the fragrance of the plain
Is half so sweet as—You.

And are there those who doubt my words,
Or think my strain untrue?
One ample proof my Muse affords;
'Tis sending them to—You.

## *ADDRESS TO PIETY.*

COME, beauteous maid, offspring of Heav'n,
To whom the cross of Faith was giv'n,
With Truth to guide mankind;
Creation's best and faithful friend,
To me thy genial influence lend,
And modulate my mind.

Th' unletter'd Indian, in his way,
With idol gods still owns thy sway;
With-hold not that from me;
But keep my heart in thy controul;
With moderation guide my soul,
From superstition free.

How oft for thee, with phrenzied jars,
Have nations clash'd in sanguine wars,
And myriads lain in dust!
And ah! what martyrs have there been
For thee—whilst those who slew them, e'en
Declar'd themselves were just!

Oh! teach me, then, to judge aright
Between the false and real light,
That I may henceforth know,
And fortify my mind to bear
The various scenes in life's career,
Of fortune and of woe.

*London,* R. T. OLIVANT.
*July 10th,* 1805.

## *THE WINTER OF THE MIND.*

YONDER streamlet, softly flowing,
Sooths the mind to peace and love;
Gentle zephyrs, mildly blowing,
Waft the fragrance of the grove.

Sportful lambs, no care foreseeing,
Gambol gaily on the green;
On each spray, in joy agreeing,
Feather'd warblers greet the scene.

Nature wears her finest features,
Clad in robe of brightest hue;
Happy seem all Nature's creatures,
Man alone finds sorrow true.

But when Winter, fiercely frowning,
Rudely grasps the torpid year,
Torrents Nature's beauties drowning,
Nought of verdure's left to cheer.

Vernal loveliness decaying,
Leaves in triumph frost to reign;
Lambs forget their summer's playing;
Not a flow'ret decks the plain.

Birds forget the notes of pleasure,
Some have fled to milder shores;
Robins ask the peasant's treasure,
Whilst the wind tempestuous roars.

Thus the scene of nature shifting,
Chills the heart, and prompts the sigh;
Fallen snow in heaps is drifting,
Desolation hovers nigh.

Yet shall Spring, with joyful greeting,
Bid Creation smile again;
Winter shuns with quick retreating,
Pleasure gladdens all the plain.

But not so the soul of sorrow;
Grief, the winter of the mind,
Knows of joy no coming morrow;
Doom'd no spring, no peace to find.

'Tis, alas! my fate to languish;
Mis'ry is my lot below:
Nought on earth can ease my anguish,
Nought can sooth this weight of woe.

But

But when Mercy ends my being,
Care shall fly this wasted form;
Whilst my soul, from sorrow fleeing,
Heeds no more the threat'ning storm.

*June 3d*, 1805. J. M. L.

## *LINES*

*Supposed to be addressed by a youthful Mother to her illegitimate Infant at the Breast.*

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome, thou wast born.

For thee a suppliant wish addressing—
To heaven, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs oft break my fault'ring prayer.

And though the voice of female glory,
And what is honor call'd on earth,
Warn me to hide thy fatal story,
Nor tell thy sad disast'rous birth,

Yet, spite of these, my heart unshaken,
In parent-duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life in humble course must run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here mayst thou rest in safe content;
For innocence may smile at malice—
And thou—sure thou, art innocent!

Here, too, each infant want's supplied;
Shelter and rest, and purest air;
And milk as pure—ah! no—vain pride!—
My tears have dropt, and mingled there!

*Essex*
*May*, 1805. CUMBRIAN.

## *HORACE, ODE XIII. B. 3. IMITATED.*

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG DOCTOR.

"Eheu, fugaces, Posthume!"

I.

ALAS! dear Patrick, every year
That flies so swiftly, brings more near
That desperate dog, old Death;
And all thy care can't save one's brow
From wrinkled skin, and locks of snow,
Or stay the fleeting breath.

II.

Tho' quacks their hundreds daily kill,
With powders, balsam, balm, or pill,
Nought satisfies Death's hunger:
Tho' skilful Abernethy strive
All that he can to make men live,
Still Death will prove the stronger.

III.

The very food by which we live,
Tho' nourishment and health it give,
Brings Death too, there's no doubt.
We've Hobson's choice, or not so good;
We must die if we taste of food,
And cannot live without.

IV.

In vain we shun the field of war,
And leave tempestuous seas afar,
Poor seamens' cruel foes;
In vain we vegetate at home,
And dread lest colds and doctors come,
"And all the train of woes."

V.

Or soon, or late, we're doom'd to visit
That black, slow, crooked stream—what is it?
And see the shades below,
Where antique virgins lead those apes,
Which, when they boasted human shapes,
Old Bach'lors were, you know.

Yes

VI.

Yes—even thou must leave thy glass,
Thy country, home, and favorite lass,
Thy friend, who can't befriend thee:
"The sweet remembrance of the just,"
A coffin, shroud, and "dust to dust,"
Are all that shall attend thee.

VII.

Then shall we see another rise,
Less gentle, and not half so wise;
Tho' who more vain than he!
Torrents of blood shall stain his floor,
While trembling patients sweat and roar,
And sigh, my friend, for thee.

JACK.

## *IMPROMPTU,*

*Written on the Author's leaving the Country, in an Avenue of Lime and Poplar Trees, leading to the Residence of the Earl of —— in D——e.*

ERE I abandon this my sweet retreat,
This turfy carpet, and this moss-grown seat,
The lime and poplar trees, which wave around;
The warbling birds, with which these woods abound,
And the enchanting, pleasing Philomel,
I cannot leave, till first I've bid farewell.
Ye Muses, then, assist your vot'ry's lay,
To sing its praises; deign t' impart a ray
Of hope; that I with mind and pen may try
To raise its beauties to yon azure sky.
In this retired spot oft have I been
Alone, delighted with the silent scene;
The lambkins frisking, and the birds so gay,
Which pleas'd and harmless hop on every spray;
Seeming to sing their praises to their Lord,
Whilst distant Echo answers word for word;
Here in great POPE and SHAKSPEARE have I read,
And MILTON too, ere I've retir'd to bed;
Here, too, with chaste Matilda have I walk'd,
Oft at an ev'ning, when of love we talk'd:
'Twas here my passion I did first declare
For her, whom still my heart retains most dear;
'Twas here, where both our mutual vows were giv'n,
Witness'd alone by HIM who rules in Heav'n.
It is to thee, thou sweet retreat! I owe
The blessings which I still enjoy below:
And since I must leave both my cot and you—
I go—sweet pleasing place!—adieu,—adieu.

S. G——s.

## *REFLECTIONS,*

*Written on a Winter's Evening.*

KEENLY blows the eastern gale,
Trees are clad in purest white,
Dead's the verdure of the vale,
Glisten now the tears of Night.

Hush'd is the noisy din of day,
Night in starry splendor reigns;
Sorrow's clouds have fled away,
Fled from Albion's happy plains.

Silence sooths the woe-worn mind,
A balm to Sorrow's wound is giv'n:
Religion leaves this world behind,
And soars on seraph wings to Heav'n.

*Kingsland,*
*July*, 1805.

J. M.

## *LINES*

*Written on hearing of the Death of Miss* KATHERINE BUSHBY, *Tinivald Downs, North Britain.*

BY J. G. BAGSHAW,

OF THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE MILITIA.

LET us mourn for our Kate, who is dead,
And heave the deep sigh o'er her bier;
Where the green willow hangs its sad head,
Will we mention her loss with a tear:
The spring of her life's flown away,
The hope for its summer is o'er;
And darksome as night was the day
When Kate, our sweet Kate, was no more!

The rose from her cheek has been torn
In the prime of her innocent youth;
The snow-drop (her breast) droops forlorn,
That emblem of virtue and truth:
Yet still shall the seraph's blest wing
Her mansion of rest hover o'er,
And mine be the sad lot to sing
Of Kate, the sweet Kate, who's no more!

# *LINES*

*Written when the Author was with his Regiment in Ireland during the Rebellion.*

## BY J. G. BAGSHAW,

OF THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE MILITIA.

LIKE a poor bark by surges tost,
With rudder, helm, and compass lost,
Where hidden rocks and shoals abound,
And direst dangers threaten round,
By Fate pursu'd, oppress'd I stray,
No friendly aid to point my way;
Endure the shafts and taunts of scorn,
And wander wretched and forlorn.

Ah! why did Nature to my heart
Of sympathy e'er yield a part?
Why prompt my eyes to overflow
With sorrow at another's woe?
Why teach my breast to feel, to love,
And judge them blessings from above,
Or cherish hope amidst despair,
Or seek to charm the pangs of care?

I mark, aghast, the gory plain,
Where lie the remnants of the slain,
And sigh accordant to the blast,
That moans across the desert waste.
The sport of Fortune's fickle pow'r,
No real transports glad mine hour;
Ah, yes! amid the playful smile
My heart has often bled the while.

Oh, Thou! who know'st my pensive mind,
From whom my thoughts were ne'er confin'd,
Teach me my lot in life to bear;
"Thy judgments good and gracious are:"
Humbly I bend to thy decree;
Oh! still in mercy think of me;
And yet, in kind compassion, give
Thy courteous smile, and bid me *live!*

*ENIGMA*

## *ENIGMA.*

MY nature is strange,
Oft subject to change:
Sometimes with three heads I appear;
With two I converse;
But one is perverse,
Nor endued with reason or fear.
Some pretend I've a tail,
Am female and male,
And to form me both sexes unite.
I'm smooth, yet am rough;
I'm tender, yet tough;
I'm fair, oft black, and oft white.
As to legs, I have eight;
Some small, and some great;
But what will surprise you still more,
You plainly may see,
That on one side I've three,
On the other side half half a score.
I'm very devout;
I'm known all about,
And at church once a week I am found:
All markets I visit.
Now tell me, what is it
Does in such contradictions abound?

## *Correspondence, &c.*

*The communication from Boston seems to contain something personal, which we wish always to avoid. If the fair Charlotte possess* "a Heart that is the seat of Honour and Virtue, a Conscience which sweetly testifies to the rectitude of her conduct, and a Reputation spotless and unimpeachable," *she need not fear* "false reports propagated by the dregs and refuse of the world, people who are a disgrace to human nature;" *she may comfort herself with the vulgar proverb,* "the reproach of an ill tongue is no scandal," *and say,* "let the galled jade wince."

*The restrictions the author of* "The Village Fair" *has laid us under, forbid its publication. Such lines as,*

"Ye lads and lasses, *pr'ythee* come!"

*cannot, surely, be admitted in their present form.*

A Regular Subscriber's "Acrostic" *is too unfinished: And the* "Epigram" *from Cranbrook too coarse for our Work.*

Clermont's "Dramatic Sketch" *shall appear in the Number immediately following the conclusion of* "Indiscretions," *now in the course of publication.*

"Amanda, a Fragment," *is received, and will be inserted as soon as possible: also* "Intemperance,"—"On the Misapplication of Wealth,"—*and* "Craft and Cruelty."

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Lady Harrington

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